

F A B L E S

AND

T A L E S

FOR THE

L A D I E S.

To which are added,

MISCELLANIES,

By Another H A N D.

*The Fair delight in little Things,
And Wit diverts the Thoughts of Kings ;
Besides, MAT. PRIOR says in Rhime,
'Tis best to satirize a Crime ;
And ROCHESTER with him agrees,
That most we draw when most we please.*

L O N D O N

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MDCCCL.

F A B L E 2

AND

T A L E 2
P R E F A C E
I A D D I E 2

B. O. K.

MISCELLANIES

THE

World without one the Reader might

imagine my Legation as even that

about the best of Father or Mother

for Distinction is become the fashion

even among the most refined and in what

you think of it and if you have no

more than a few hundred years, you

must be contented for after having ex-

posed these all necessary Conventions

leave, These and the other World.

There is no more to be said.

And the same is true of the other

you may know what is to be said.



THE
P R E F A C E
T O T H E
B O O K.

P R E F A C E S are in such Vogue, that were I to send Thee into the World without one, the Reader might suspect thy Legitimacy, or even that thou ever had'st a Father or Mother ; for Defamation is become the Fashion, even amongst the Polite, and is what you must expect ; and if you have no more than a Neighbour's Share, you must be contented, for after having given Thee all necessary Correction, I leave Thee entirely to the wide World : Therefore,

Vas mon Enfant prend ta Fortune.

THE
PREFACE

ERRATA.

- P**AGE 25, Line 1, for *the* read *their*.
 Page 41, Line 6, for *a'er* read *ere*.
 Page 55, Line 6, for *lastest* read *latest*.
 Page 84, Line 10, for *strains* read *stains*.
 Page 96, Line 2, for *cuckold* read *cuckol*.
 Page 119, Line 3, for *Lords* read *Lord's*.
 Page 128, Line 1, for *worth'eft* read *worthy'st*.
 Page 148, Line 12, read, *He prest'd him in his Lady's Sight*.
 Page 171, Line 5, for *Vicissitudes*, read *Vicissitude's*.



FABLE I.

THE

CONTENTS.

FABLE I.

THE *Tiger, the Sheep, the Hart, and the Lion.*

To LUCIUS. Page 1

FABLE II.

The Fox and the Young Lion.

To an HEIR. 6

FABLE III.

The Old Fox caught at last.

To an Hypocritical Old MISER. 13

FABLE IV.

The Eagle, the Lark, the Vulture, and other Birds.

To a Justice of the Peace. 17

FABLE

C O N T E N T S.

FABLE V.

The Ant and the Buttersfy.

To a Poor M A N. Page 24

FABLE VI.

The Magpye, Cuckoo, and Sparrow.

To M U N I S I A. 29

FABLE VII.

The Sun, the Moon, the Earth, Jupiter, the North-Pole Star, and the Man.

To a P H I L O S O P H E R. 35

FABLE VIII.

The Fox at the Point of Death.

To a Good M A N. 42

FABLE IX.

The Lion, the Ape, and the Dove.

To P O L L Y. 48

FABLE X.

The Lion, the Fox, the Horse, and other Beasts.

To a C I T I Z E N in Office. 54

Conundrums,

CONTENTS

Conundrums, after the Manner of Dean Swift.
Page 65

CUMBERLAND; *or, the Rebels defeated
at Culloden.* 67

S O N G S.

- I. *Advice to Polly.* 83
II. *The Poor Old Cuckold's Advice.* 85
III. *The Charms of my Charmer.* 87
IV. *Wisdom Triumphant ; or, Folly Conquered.* 89
-

T A L E S.

TALE I.

The Fair LUCRETIA.

To HENRIETTA. 93

TALE II.

The Gamestrefs.

To LAURA. 100

TALE III.

SAPPHO.

To HENRIETTA. 115

TALE

CONTENTS

TALE IV.
The Delusive Cogue.
To TIMELIA. Page 123

TALE V.
Old Dobson.
To HENRIETTA. 132

TALE VI.
The Coquet.
To CLEO. 137

TALE VII.
The Farewel.
To HENRIETTA. 162



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FABLES.



F A B L E S.



F A B L E I.

*The TIGER, the SHEEP, the HART,
and the LION.*

To L U C I U S.

YES; *Lucius*, I had rather be
In Philosophic Search with thee,
Than feasting with the greatest Peer,
Or him, who lords it for a Year;
Nor cou'd e'er Wealth or gaudy Show,
Make me forget the Debt I owe;
The Debt of Friendship, dear Delight,
Oh! was my Friend but in my Sight,

I'd give the Gleanings of the Day,
 To pass with him some Hours away.
 But as I can't command my Fate,
 Nor live upon my own Estate,
 I'll make the best of my short Time,
 And put my Thinkings into Rhime ;
 Without Regard to rich or poor,
 And lay them at my *Lucius*' Door.
 If he'll but deign to take them in,
 They can't contain one single Sin ;
 For he's an *Hardwick* in the Cause
 Of Justice, and bright Virtue's Laws ;
 To him this Fable I impart,
 The Tiger, Sheep, and panting Hart.
 A Tiger, at the Close of Day,
 Espy'd a Sheep and Hart at play ;
 Tho' full his Maw, his hungry Eyes
 Cou'd not in's Conscience leave the Prize ;

A Quar-



A Quarrel with them he must pick,
 Aye, that will do——when I was sick,
 You, Mistrefs Sheep, went bleeting by,
 And stole some Hay from off my Sty;e;
 The Stag too fell a rutting there,
 And made a Noife like any Bear :
 But now, depend upon't, I'll make
 For my poor Head, your Hearts to ake,

Indeed; the trembling Sheep replies,
 I know not where your Lordship lies,
 So cou'd not do it out of Spite,
 If e'er to teaze I took Delight ;
 Nor did I ever steal from thee,
 Some other stole your Hay, not me,

Nor did I ever fee your Grace,
 Nor do I know your Dwelling Place ;
 'Twas others surely made the Noife,
 The Hart enjoin'd with meekest Voice.

Such Impudence deserves to die,
 What! tell me to my Face I lye?
 For this, I'll wallow in your Gore,
 The Tiger cry'd, with hideous Roar,
 For this, I'll take your vital Blood,
 Ven'fon for this, shall be my Food.

They yet implore, but all in vain,
 He cries, he's Monarch of the Plain.

When from behind a bushy Oak,
 A Lion leap't, and to him spoke;
 Tiger, says he, first let us try
 The Mighty'ft, whether you or I,
 True Greatness shou'd be to redress,
 And not poor Sheep or Harts oppress;
 When on the Tyrant's Neck he flew,
 And instantly the Monster flew.
 The Sheep, the royal Beast addrest,
 And gratefully her Thanks exprest;

The

The Stag his mighty Prowess prais'd,
 When he the cruel Tiger seiz'd :
 But soon as he was out of Sight,
 He told the Sheep with great Delight,
 That had the haughty Tyrant shown
 Himself beneath the Lion's Throne,
 And not usurp't the Monarch's Name,
 They both had been his lawful Game.

So they might thank his vain Ambition,
 Which sav'd them from his Jaws Perdition.

Thus sometimes out of very Spite,
 The Peer corrects the tardy Knight,
 And honest Hodge has Justice done him,
 Who thanks my Lord enough to stun him.



F A B L E II.

The Fox and the Young Lion.

To an HEIR.

YOUR Father's goodly Mannor Seat,
The worthy Muse's safe Retreat,

With all the Farms that round it stand,

Were free to Merit at command ;

If any honest Heart exprest,

Misfortunes in his painful Breast,

He prob'd the Wound and gave Relief,

Staying his Tortures and his Grief,

Till

Till he some Medicine cou'd find,
 To heal his discontented Mind :
 Yet he ne'er lost a Quarter's Rent,
 Nor half his Income ever spent ;
 For what he gave to help the Poor,
 He sav'd by guarding Folly's Door ;
 For no luxurious Pleasures were
 In your dear Father's House, the Fare,
 Yet free to all, his purple Wine
 Made Wit and oral Gestures shine ;
 But never to debase the Mind,
 To make Man sink beneath his Kind.

To save these Realms from Tyranny,
 With that bright Goddess, *Liberty* ;
 And for his Friends and Country's Sake,
 His Life and Fortune he would stake ;
 Yet ne'er in Faction wou'd he join,
 But censure ev'ry base Design,

Let him, your bright Example be,
That the next Heir may copy thee.

A Lion dying left his Heir,
To his own Management and Care,
His Den, and all the spacious Place,
The large Acquirings of his Grace;
With all his Stock and Furniture,
For him an Afylum secure :
But he grows haughty, proud, and vain,
And lords it over all the Plain ;
To Flatterers he gives his Wine,
And takes the subtle Fox to dine ;
Who finding out his softer Part,
He cringes with the Courtier's Art ;
Applauds his Skill and Penetration,
And feeds his Pride with Adulation :
Such Strength of Parts ! Good God ! he cries,
Enough to make a Nation wise ;

Sure

Sure such vast Knowledge ne'er was known,
 In any Breast except your own;
 Besides, so young, and so discreet!
 All Excellencies in you meet.

Dear Renard, says the Cub, I find,
 Thou hast Discernment in thy Mind;
 Here take, I say, this Parchment Roll,
 For thou deserv'st it, by my Soul;
 Merit shou'd ever be regarded,
 And honest Truth shou'd be rewarded;
 It gives thee Title to yon Farm,
 Where Pullets, Geese, and Turkies swarm:
 Besides, thou shalt my Steward be,
 The Management I'll give to thee;
 Of all these Lawns, the shady Woods,
 The Flow'ry Meads, and pleasant Floods.

The Fox now bows, and scrapes, and bends,
 And on my Lord each Morn attends;

Inventing

Inventing something to surprize,
Or dazzle his poor Master's Eyes :
Farm after Farm he gets his own,
Till the poor Cub himself has none.

When Creditors come on a-pace,
And beg Admittance to his Grace ;
For Renard says he cannot pay,
Scarce the Expences of the Day.

Then, Scoundrels, wait another Time,
And not disturb me while I dine !
Go, let me hear no more, he cries,
Of what you sell, or Renard buys.

This haughty Language don't us fright,
Since you have lost the Pow'r to bite ;
The Creditors to him reply'd,
For know your Substance we'll divide,
Ere we depart this very Place,
Or make a Pris'ner of your Grace.

Is't

Is't so? here, Renard, let me see
 Their Bills and Notes, how they agree.

This Paper, Sir, in full contains,
 What each deserveth for his Pains;
 The Afs for Portorage demands
 The Tenth of your remaining Lands;
 The Hounds, for catching you Provision,
 Challenge one fifth by their Decision;
 The Horfe one Eighth, for grinding Corn,
 And one for dunging of the Lawn;
 The Cow demandeth, as her Fees,
 A Ninth for Butter, Cream, and Cheese;
 The Baboon next, for playing Tricks,
 Charges, at least, one Part in six;
 The rest, your Servants, for their Care,
 In Justice, think should be their Share.

Awaken'd now, he feels the Smart,
 Like Daggers piercing thro' his Heart,

And

And then with Anguish turns about,
 And thus exclaiming, cryeth out,
 Thou vilest Knave ! What hast thou done ?
 Both ruin'd me, and my poor Son.

Will no Abatement here be made,
 And must I learn the Beggars Trade !
 Then take it all, and be as curst
 As I, when I enjoy'd it first.

May Flatterers your Hearts possess,
 And in your Veins their Poison press ;
 Till each like me shall be undone,
 And mourn the Ruin of his Son.





F A B L E III.

The OLD FOX caught at last.

To an Hypocritical Old MISER.

YOUR Tricks in artful Tale I'll tell;
 Wheree'er you live, wheree'er you dwell,
 You rob the Spittle, starve the Poor,
 And heap up Curses at your Door;
 And your Religion's but a Cloke,
 Of which you make a very Joke;
 But fair Accounts in Heaven they keep,
 And those who give when Widows weep,
 Are

Are sure to have some Score rubb'd out,
 If they in Practice be devout ;
 But he's deceiv'd, who would beguile,
 And bears alone the guilty Toil.

An ancient Fox a Scheme had lay'd,
 To catch in's Trap a pretty maid ;
 Where he had Opium mixt with Wine,
 To perpetrate his base Design ;
 But young *Vulpes*a knew his Grace,
 And always did avoid the Place.

Finding his Trick abortive prove,
 He secretly declares his Love ;
 Sends her a Thimble made of Brass,
 And a fine Ring of Purple Glafs,
 With slips of nice *Morocco* Leather,
 To tie her white Rand Shoes together ;
 And what i'faith I had forgot,
 A worn-out Favour for a Knot ;

With

With Garters made of Ferret-binding,
 And other Things not worth our minding;
 With all his Service very decent,
 Hoping she wou'd receive his Present;
 Which was not half what he design'd,
 If she, fair Creature, would be kind;
 And grant him all his Heart's Desire,
 For she had set his Soul on Fire,
 And vows he'll keep her from Disgrace,
 And fit her for a Lady's Place.

But Miss was pleas'd to let him know,
 She'd of his Present make a Show,
 Which puts him into such a Fright,
 He cannot rest nor Day nor Night;
 For next he loves to Gold and her,
 His sly religious Character,
 So gives a Bribe to let it sleep,
 To hold her Peace, and Counsel keep;

But

But she enlarges her Demand,

And spreads the Secret o'er the Land.

Poor Renard now is in Disgrace,

And ventures not to shew his Face.

His Sanctity is made a Jest,

And thro' it's seen the Knave confest.

His Foes in open Talk deride him,

And his dear Friends can scarce abide him.

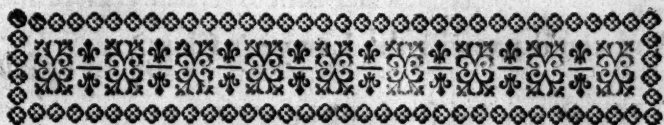
Their Scoffs and Jeers he cannot bear,

Nor will just Heaven hear his Prayer ;

So rushing on his Fate he flies,

And struggling in a Halter dies.





F A B L E IV.

The EAGLE, *the* LARK, *the* VULTURE,
and other BIRDS.

To a JUSTICE of *the* PEACE.

LET good *Amico* be your guide,
For Justice he to none deny'd;
Yet Candour never left his Breast,
He always pity'd the distress'd;
Nor wou'd he for the great Man's Smile,
His Reason or the Truth beguile,
But spurn at those who wou'd destroy,
And 'gainst their Arts his Trust employ;

The knotty Points of Law he knew,
And cou'd untwist the Lawyer's Clew.

If any one by Fraudulence,
Attempted to increase his Pence,
And was detected in the Fact,
With Rigour always he wou'd act ;
Because 'twas wronging not a few,
But all who paid the Laws their Due ;
Yet if rough Malice bore a Part,
He'd strive to mitigate the Smart.

If Neighbours who for want of Grace,
Appear'd before his Worship's Face,
To swear the Peace, or Vengeance show,
He'd beg them to forgive their Foe ;
Or come again when cool with Reason,
For such like things a proper Season ;
Nor wou'd he leave at Home his Blanks,
For Clerks to play their Tricks and Pranks ;

But

But always search'd into the Cause,
Before he put in Force the Laws.

Let him, I say, be your fair Guide,
To act like him be all your Pride,
Like him compassionate the Poor,
And deal out Justice at your Door.

The Birds convene a Parliament,
And chuse the Eagle President ;
And there confirm it in his Line,
And call his Race a Race divine ;
But as his Flight's so very high,
They beg he'd leave a Deputy ;
Who might inspect how Matters went,
And save them all from Discontent.
The Lark he substitutes as just,
And fittest for so great a Trust,
Which gives the Daw and Jay offence,
Who sputter out their Eloquence.

The Magpye too, and filly Owl,
 Think each shou'd be th' anointed Fowl;
 But 'tis decreed and must be so,
 Whether they like it well or no;
 The Lark unwillingly submits,
 And in the Chair of Justice fits.

The Cuckoo robb'd the Finch's Nest,
 The Finch the Justice-Bird address'd,
 Who set the Villain in the Stocks,
 To be the Sport of all the Flocks;
 Where he caught cold, and has it yet,
 For he a Cure ne'er could get.

The Sparrow took the Martin's House,
 And kick'd and much abus'd his Spouse;
 The Lark condemn'd him to be shot,
 But his Wife's Tears a Pardon got.
 The Wren in Court a Bill preferr'd,
 Against the mighty Puttock Bird;

Who

Who kept in Fee each Counsellor,
 No one wou'd speak a Word for her ;
 Yet notwithstanding got the Day,
 And fled triumphantly away ;
 For Justice was the Lark's Delight,
 Who gave the Cause against the Kite,
 Which so enrag'd the haughty Knave,
 He made his Crow the Judge's Grave ;
 For just about the Break of Day,
 His Talons bore the Lark away :
 When Messengers abroad were sent,
 To fetch again their President,
 In State he comes, the Villain's try'd,
 For his bold Arrogance and Pride ;
 But yet for want of Evidence,
 The Rogue gets clear of his Offence,
 And to the Thicket points his Way,
 To watch the Common for his Prey.

But as the Crows fly in a Flock,
 They promise to pursue the Hawk;
 And in good Truth they keep their Spite,
 And to this Day torment the Kite.

But now again in Parliament,
 They fit with their Lord President,
 Another Deputy to find,
 Whose Strength's above the Buzzard Kind;
 For Virtue only will not do,
 He must have that and Power too;
 At length the Vulture has the Place,
 Who shews awhile the Patriot's Face;
 But soon his knavery is scen,
 By the least Bird upon the Green;
 For now each Office brings a Bribe,
 And binds to him a num'rous Tribe;
 Oppression next becomes his Sport,
 And none but Knaves attend his Court,

But

But to prepare a Glutton Feast,
His Minions robb'd the Raven's Nest;
The Raven to the Eagle flew,
And there demanded Justice due;
Where he made known the Vulture's Crimes,
His Ravages and base Designs.

Attentive stood the royal Bird,
And heard the Raven ev'ry Word;
Then rais'd his awful Head and swore,
He'd leave a Deputy no more,
But pull the greedy Tyrant down,
And with it's Cares he'd bear the Crown.

The Vulture dies, the Eagle reigns,
And Harmony spreads o'er the Plains.



F A B L E V.

The ANT *and* BUTTERFLY.

To a POOR M A N.

WHAT tho' you rise by Four each Morn,
 To thresh your Sheaves or winnow Corn,
 To mend a Hedge or raise a Mound,
 To dig a Ditch or till the Ground ;
 To dung your Land, or set or sow,
 To reap your Wheat, or Barley mow ;
 The Rich have greater Plagues by far,
 E'en those who wear the brightest Star ;

Where

Where Emulation breaks the Rest,
 And Disappointments foil the best ;
 E'en *Brunswick's* self feels more than you,
 In Council and in Battle too.

Tho' hard your Toil, the Fare you eat
 Is sweeter than their poison'd Meat ;
 Besides more healthful is the Swain,
 Than they with all their Gust of Gain.

Suppose the Gout shou'd rack your Breast,
 Then Labour you wou'd think but Rest ;
 The Gout with them is e'er in Pay,
 To keep it's dismal Pangs away ;
 Yet no Physician e'er cou'd find,
 The Way to pall it's craving mind,
 Except to rise at Four like you,
 And work as even poor Men do.

In bearing home a Corn of Rye,
 An Ant bedaub'd a Butterfly ;

For

For it had fallen in the Dirt,
 And done the little Creature hurt ;
 Which made him stagger to and fro,
 And give the Butterfly the Blow ;
 Tho' far from meaning any ill,
 For it was done against his Will,
 Yet made his Honour curse and swear,
 And call the little Ant a Bear ;
 A Monkey, Toad, and Puppy too,
 With all the Names he ever knew ;
 Which set the Emmet's Blood on Fire,
 And made him fall upon the 'Squire.

Proud upstart Fool, I know your Race,
 Your Father liv'd in foul Disgrace ;
 'Twas Cabbage that he liv'd upon,
 And Cabbage that maintain'd his Son.

Poor Devil ! cries the Butterfly,
 A lousy Beggar you will die.

It may be so, replies the Ant,
 And you in Time may come to want ;
 For what is got by Stealth and Fraud,
 Will soon find Wings and fly abroad ;
 And leave you distitute and bare,
 Cameleon like, to feed on Air ;
 But I, with Labour shall sustain,
 My little House with honest Gain ;
 And when I die shall go to rest,
 And in Elysian Fields be blest.

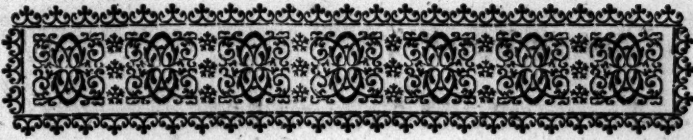
Ha ! Ha ! the Butterfly cry'd out,
 You'll live there mighty well no doubt ;
 No doubt, indeed, the Emmet said,
 For we were all to Virtue bred ;
 And Honesty from Son to Son,
 Has thro' our Race for ever run ;
 Or we like others might have made,
 A Settlement without a Trade ;

But

But 'tis much better to be poor,
Than plead in vain at great Jove's Door.

Stung to the Quick, the gaudy Beau
Had rais'd his Wings, and meant to go,
When o'er his Head a Pigeon flew,
And muted him quite thro' and thro';
The heavy Load e'en whirl'd him round,
And stuck his Wings upon the Ground,
Where he lay gasping for his Breath,
'Till he, poor thing, was starv'd to Death.

The Ant indeed had got his Share,
But soon recovered wholesome Air;
And being always us'd to Dirt,
Came off with very little Hurt,



F A B L E VI.

The MAGPYE, CUCKOO, and SPARROW.

To MUNITIA.

NOW to *Munitia* I wou'd tell,
 How I wou'd live, and where I'd dwell;
 What Soil I'd plough and cultivate,
 Cou'd I remove her Scorn and Hate;
 What Produce too I'd fain be getting,
 And not a rhiming here be sitting;
 But Fate has left me to her Will,
 And I must rhyme and write on fill.

Pray,

Pray, Madam, tell me, must I be
 A Lover to Eternity ;
 And never taste the Sweets of Life,
 Nor have a kind obliging Wife ;
 Tell me, I say, for I'll have none,
 Except you will yourself be one ;
 Yet, Madam, you shall never be
 A Wife to any else but me ;
 For I will stand and guard the Place,
 Where Lovers plead and sue for Grace ;
 Whether he be a Beau or Clown,
 I'll break his Pate, or knock him down :
 I tell you, Madam, I'll be plain,
 Whether you like, or yet disdain ;
 I'll never leave you till we hit,
 But calmly wait your loving Fit ;
 Yet, Faith and Troth, I'll not deny,
 But that your Lover I may die ;

Tho'

Tho' notwithstanding, if I'm able
To please your Taste, I'll draw a Fable.

A Cuckoo, Magpye, and a Sparrow,
Met in a Lane exceeding narrow ;
The Cuckoo passing, said Good-morrow,
Showing in's Face some Signs of Sorrow ;
The Sparrow pertly ask'd him why
His old Acquaintance look'd so shy ?

What Mifs, says he, has took your Gold,
And in Return a Bargain sold,
To keep you warm in Winter's cold.

Or has Dame Nature ta'en in Hand,
To keep at home at her Command,
A Thing I'd name not for the land.

A Thing that makes me sick at Heart,
What always one, and ne'er to part ;
Fye! Fye! my once delightful friend,
An Halter were the better End,

Is't so, old Boy, the Magpye says,
 With hearty Laugh, and Ged-demme's;
 Come, Come, let's leave this horned Fellow,
 And go and seek some Passforella;
 Why, says the Sparrow, if we do,
 We shall not find a Punk for you;
 You Fops know nothing of the Matter,
 All you can do 's to laugh and chatter;
 And speak of Girls you never saw,
 And say with them you broke the Law;
 Remember what the Lady said,
 You tore her clothes, and nothing did;
 And keep in Mind the Caning-bout,
 When fair *Lupeſa* turn'd you out;
 The Cuckoo now his Silence broke,
 And thank'd each other for his Joke,
 And thus his free Confession spoke.

When

When I was young, just come of Age,
 In Luxury I trod the Stage;
 Each Husband plagu'd about his Wife,
 Which then I thought a happy Life;
 For Lewdness o'er my Flesh prevail'd,
 Which soon, alas! my Strength curtail'd;
 Which gave me Notions of a State,
 That was before my greatest Hate;
 In Hopes by Conduct to refit,
 The Sores of *Venus* and the Gleet.

To marry then I took my Way,
 And fought a Wife without Delay;
 But she soon prov'd a Buxom Jade,
 And a poor Cuckold of me made,
 Without the least Pretence of being
 Without my ^{own} Eyes, or Sense of Seeing;

Yet I must work to get her Bread,
Or slap her Distaff breaks my Head,
And this is now the Life I lead.

The Sparrow smiling in his Face,
Wish'd it might never be his Case ;
But own'd the Guilt of their Profession,
Justly deserv'd the Wife's Transgression.





F A B L E VII.

The SUN, the MOON, the EARTH, JUPITER, the North-Pole STAR, and the MAN.

To a PHILOSOPHER.

THE whole Creation is your Theme,
 The Earth, the Air, the wat'ry Main;
 The lucid Orbs which rise on high,
 Or Gems that in deep Caverns lie;
 Or Water-Spouts, or rolling Tide,
 Or that which does the Day divide;
 Cohesion, or attractive Force,
 Or Comet's more surprizing Course;

Or sympathetick Palm's desire,
 Or Animalcula in Fire;
 Or Shades of Things which Mirrours show,
 Or Light which Mortals think they know;
 The Needle's pointing to the Pole,
 Or Axis which sustains the whole;
 Or how the Glow-Worm gives it's Light,
 When Darknes overspreads the Night.

Yet most of these you strive in vain
 With labour'd Study to explain;
 But shew enough I think to prove,
 That there's a Cause of all above;
 A Cause which calls us to adore,
 Tho' we that Cause can ne'er explore.
 The Sun, the Moon, the North-Pole Star,
 The Earth, and mighty *Jupiter*;
 All speak their Claim to Man's Regard,
 And beg of him they may be heard.

The

The Star sets forth his pleasant Light,
 When Sol goes rambling in the Night ;
 How he each Mariner protects,
 And cros the Main his Way directs.

By him their Latitude they know,
 And safe as in their Harbours go ;
 From whence 'tis plain that Man enjoys,
 From him his Wealth and glitt'ring Toys.

Says *Jupiter*, from me and mine
 They know each Creek, each Side the Line ;
 By me they find their Longitude,
 From me their Bearings they conclude ;
 My darken'd Moons can give them Light,
 And teach them how to steer by Night ;
 From whence, whate'er they owe to you,
 'Tis plain as much to me is due.

The Moon beseeches Man to know,
 For him she bids the Tides to flow ;

For him she purges ev'ry Bay,
 The Ocean and each foaming Sea ;
 For him she borrows even Light,
 To guard his Foot-steps in the Night ;
 For him she wanders up and down,
 To serve the Monarch and the Clown ;
 Whence she conceives her Claim's as great
 As his who keeps his Northern Seat ;
 Nor will she stoop to any Star,
 Nor even mighty *Jupiter*.

The Earth produces all her Store,
 And gives to Man her golden Ore ;
 With Rarities of ev'ry Kind,
 And begs to her he'd not be blind ;
 But with a scrutinizing Eye,
 Into her deep Resources pry ;
 Where he will find her never sparing,
 But always Feasts for him preparing ;

When

When, doubtless, he'll confess that she
Can counterpoise the other Three.

The Sun to Man his Goodness shows,
And spreads his Beams where'er he goes;
For him he bids each Vapour rise,
And form an Arch beneath the Skies;
To multiply each single Ray,
And dart it's Glances ev'ry Way;
To bear the Forms of Stars in Night,
And to reflect their feeble Light;
To give the Moon her Shadow's Place,
And top the Phantoms with her Grace;
Who all compose a lovely Scene,
The twink'ling Stars and wandring Queen,
To pleasure Man, while he is gone
To serve another Horizon;
For him he dissipates the Cold,
And turns ev'n a Dust to Ore of Gold;

For him he bids the Nect'ran blow,
 For him soft downy Peaches grow ;
 For him he draws the juicy Vine,
 To make him nice delicious Wine ;
 For him he bids each Bower rise,
 And Orange Groves enchant his Eyes ;
 For him the Vi'let and the Rose,
 And superfine Carnation blows :
 Besides, by his attractive Force,
 He keeps the Planets in their Course ;
 Whence he concludes his Claim is more,
 Than all the Sums of t'other Four.
 The Man attentive to the Spheres,
 Incl'in'd to them his listening Ears ;
 But when they had their Speeches done,
 He made Reply to ev'ry one ;
 And thank'd them for each Obligation,
 And then to Sol made Observation ;

That

That tho' those Orbs he might command,
 His own requir'd a greater Hand ;
 Nor cou'd he raise the Atmosphere,
 Tho' he sustains it is most clear ;
 But must have been itself in Motion,
 E'er he cou'd sip the Sea or Ocean ;
 Which proves it was a Hand divine,
 That rais'd this living Frame of mine.





F A B L E VIII.

The Fox at the Point of Death.

To a Good M A N.

TO call you honest, wou'd defame
 The Brightness of your better Name;
 Yet still let me disclose in part,
 The Joy that's center'd in your Heart;
 Which cou'd the worldly Man but know,
 He'd strive himself to be like you;
 But 'tis a Secret none can find,
 But those who have a virtuous Mind;

And

And can have Feelings for a Brother,
 And think each Self's to serve another ;
 But oh ! How few are there so mean,
 Who will such Weakness entertain ;
 'Tis bearing Ills that's not our own,
 And why shou'd we for others mourn ;
 A Tear, indeed, may bring such Joy,
 As sometimes might the Hyp destroy ;
 But that is when we part with Pence,
 And who'd do that of any Sense.

Yet still that pleasant Face of thine,
 Appears to me e'en half divine ;
 Methinks one might a little spare,
 When treble is our Profit's Share ;
 But then again we stand a Chance,
 To lose those Sums we now advance ;
 And so in Time may come to want,
 When we shall meet this very Cant !

To beg indeed, must then be sad !
 When those who give are counted mad.
 Such sordid Stuff 'tis stays the Hand,
 From those, the poor deserving Band,
 Who may have Thoughts sublimely bright,
 And yet not taste one sweet Delight ;
 For want of that the Rich could spare,
 Without increasing of their Care ;
 Except in finding out the Smart,
 That preys upon the Widow's Heart ;
 Or searching in the Orphan's Case,
 And standing in it's Parent's Place ;
 Or seeking out the troubl'd Swain,
 To heal his sad corroding Pain.

Can any one such Toil displease,
 Who lives in Affluence and Ease ;
 When a mere Trifle oft may give
 The Poor the Liberty to live.

If such a fordid Wretch there be,
He's hated and despis'd by thee.

A Fox who'd hoarded Geefe and Corn,
When Death appear'd began to mourn;
Alas! says he, now I must leave
Each Feather and each fingle Sheaf;
Without one Jewel I must go,
And something of hereafter know;
Ah! there it pricks my very Heart,
And Conscience now's a tender Part;
How many dying have I seen,
Yet ne'er wou'd give one fingle Grain,
To mitigate their sharpest Pain.

What then can I myself expect?
Who thus cou'd others Pains neglect;
Oh! nothing but eternal Woe,
Must follow me where'er I go;

Whether

Whether through trackless Space I run,
 Or scorch beneath the burning Sun;
 Or beat upon the Wings of Air,
 In Darkness, and in deep Despair;
 Or far beyond the Frigid Zone,
 My wretched abject State I mourn;
 Or whether by Transition tost,
 From freezing to the burning Coast;
 Or strung upon some Comet's Tail,
 Eternal Torture there to feel;
 Or floating in the deep Abyss,
 With Terrors that are numberless.
 Such woeful Thoughts now fill my Breast,
 That all the World I'd give for Rest;
 Then bathes his Pillow with his Tears,
 Enumerating of his Fears;
 Contracting now, and now distending,
 Dreading his dismal Fate impending;

And

And then the faithful Horse implores,
 To give among the Poor his Stores ;
 In hopes by that he should atone,
 The mighty Ills which he had done ;
 Then gave dismal hollow Yowl,
 And dy'd of the succeeding Howl.

Such is the Fate of those who find
 No Joy, but in a fordid Mind.

But you, my worthy faithful Friend,
 Will find the Difference in your End ;
 Tho' Pains inflict, your Joy will be
 In Thoughts of blest Eternity ;
 Where pleasing Scenes for ever rise,
 And Bliss seraphick never dies.



F A B L E IX.

The LION, the APE, and the DOVE.

To POLLY.

FAITH now I'm in this rhyming Fit,
 In *Polly's* Chair I'll steal her Wit;
 Her Voice I'll steal, and sweetly sing,
 And make her blush like any thing;
 For if I say but red or white,
 Or that her Charms exceed Delight;
 Vermillion in her Face appears,
 And red as Scarlet are her Ears.

Last

Last Night as in a sleep she lay,
 I ran and stole a Kiss away ;
 Her Lips infus'd so sweet a Bliss,
 I went and stole another Kiss ;
 Which made my Blood run thrilling thro'
 Each Vein, I knew not what to do ;
 No Power remain'd to move or stir,
 Except it were to look at her ;
 Another Kiss I strove to get,
 But she awoke in taking it ;
 For which my Penance is a Fable,
 With all the Wit imaginable.
 Now fain I'd raise poor Johnny's Ghost,
 To lend me Wit to please my Toast ;
 For well I know the Task too hard,
 For any but that pretty Bard ;
 But when such Sweetness does command,
 A Blockhead sure wou'd try his Hand.

An Ape, a Lion, and a Dove,
 Met all together in a Grove,
 To canvas o'er their Thoughts of Love.

The Lion's Notions first I'll tell,
 And then upon the others dwell.

Excuse me first, his Honour says,
 But importun'd, his Words are these;
 Were I to chuse a Mate for Life,
 (For Carnal seems the Name of Wife)
 She shou'd not only virtuous be,
 But studious in Philosophy;
 And Plato shou'd her Taste refine,
 Or be in Truth, no Mate of mine;
 Nor shou'd she have the least Affections,
 But those that spring from virtuous Actions;
 For in my Den no Vice I'd keep,
 But ever truly chaste I'd sleep.

The

The Ape inclin'd to Vener'y,
 Burst out into a loud he! he!
 What! storm a Town in bloody Gore,
 And blush to look upon a Whore.
 Yet by a Lady at the Rose,
 I saw two Whelps with your dear Nose;
 As like Dada as Pip to Pippin,
 And yet you'd have no Stew to sleep in.

A Prude of human Race wou'd like ye,
 And for her own, good Faith, wou'd strike ye;
 And thus went on with Jokes and Jeers,
 Unfitting for my Polly's Ears;
 'Until the Monarch's Breast he fir'd,
 Then swiftly up a Tree retir'd.

Thou vain conceited silly thing,
 How dare you thus belie your King;
 I'll an Example of you make,
 That all your Race may Warning take.

So tears the Tree up with his Jaws,
And catches Pugsey in his Paws,
Who changes now his guilty Tone,
And for his Life makes grievous Mourn.

The Dove implores him to forgive,
And so he bids the Scoundrel live ;
Who swears he'll never more offend,
But always be his fastest Friend ;
That for his Liege he'll ever pray,
And then draws off and steals away.

And now the shaggy Lord and Dove,
Dispute the Point 'bout carnal Love :
But I shall only here rehearse,
The Bird's Conclusion in my Verse ;
Which is verbatim just as follows,
Consonant with the Laws of Scholars ;
That Reason shou'd with Nature blend,
Each will agree who's Virtue's Friend ;

Whence

Whence I conclude the Ape a Fool,
 For Debauchees ne'er act by Rule;
 And think the Prude by much too nice,
 If in her Thoughts she has no Vice;
 For verily I think, great Jove
 Intended us for mutual Love;
 And that on Earth's no greater Bliss,
 Than in a truly virtuous Kiss;
 So took his Leave to seek his Bride,
 And left the Monarch satisfy'd.





F A B L E X.

*The LION, the FOX, the HORSE, and
other Beasts.*

To a CITIZEN in Office.

WHatever Office you enjoy,
For publick Good your Trust employ;
But first observe that you are fit
To judge, and rightly manage it;
Nor let mean Bribes, tho' e'er so large,
Swell out the Bills of City Charge;
Nor be so base where'er you be,
To shut the Gates of Equity,

Let

Let *Cato's* Soul your Bosom fire,
 Or *Heathcote* teach you to retire ;
 Or steady *Barnard* be your Guide,
 To bear against the guilty Tide.
 Let honest Truth your Breast attend,
 That Faith may be your lastest Friend ;
 For without Virtue, he's a Fool,
 Who says that Faith will save his Soul ;
 Nor can that Faith be understood,
 That springs not from a Heart that's good.

But if you think there's no such thing
 As a Supream Eternal King ;
 And that you did from nothing rise,
 And Nature's Evidence despise :
 So glide along *Tartarus'* Stream,
 And laugh at Justice' sacred Name ;
 You'll surely find, when 'tis too late,
 Your Conscience prick, and curse your Fate ;

Nor shou'd such fordid Wretches be
In any Place of Dignity.

In ancient Times before the Fall,
When Brutes possess'd and govern'd all;
The Lion with Imperial Sway,
Made ev'ry Beast his Will obey,
His Word he made to them a Law,
And kept himself the World in Awe;
Till Age depriv'd him of his Strength,
And laid his Lordship at his Length;
When all combin'd to crush his Son,
Enrag'd at what his Sire had done,
But to accomplish their Design,
Wanted much Wit in little Time,
A thousand Schemes before them lay,
But not one safe or prudent Way.

At Length the cunning Fox arose,
And made to them a Speech in Prose.

and W

But

But I shall turn it into Verse,
Because I can't his Tone express.

Dear Sirs, says he, the publick Weal,
A Friend in me shall never fail;
The Lion's Strength is much too great
To be oppos'd, but by Deceit.

Let us address him as our Liege,
'Twill do much better than a Siege;
For well I know, on either Side,
His Den is strongly fortify'd.

Let us condole his Father's Death,
And wish him Joy all in a Breath;
And lay our Fortunes at his Feet,
And speak him noble and discreet;
'Twill give him unsuspecting Joy,
While we our subtle Arts employ.

Like Alligators let us weep,
And watch him when he goes to sleep.

What

What say my Friends? Is it decreed,
The Lion shall To-morrow bleed?

Shall I the flatt'ring Poison bear,
That we our common Rights may share:

Let me alone the Hazard run,
Suppose I'm lost! I am but one;
Supply me but with what is meet,
I'll lay the Tyrant at your Feet.

They all, except the Horse, consent,
And much applaud his good Intent;
But he dislikes the treacherous Art,
Nor will he with them bear a Part;
But snorting at them with Disdain,
With brave Resentment seeks the Plain;
The Bull indeed makes some Essay,
But Clamour steals his Speech away;
The Hedge-hog moves, that both are Traitors,
And secretly the Lion's Creatures;

But

But Renard, truly, has more Sense,
 Than outwardly to take Offence;
 Nay, speaks them worthy of their Race,
 But still too hot to be in Place:
 Passion, says he, wou'd quite undo us,
 And bring those Plagues we fear unto us;
 'Tis Cunning, Policy, and Art,
 Must reach his Breast to pierce his Heart;
 For we can ne'er expect to gain,
 By fighting fairly on the Plain.
 But, my dear Friends, with your Supplies,
 We'll undermine him otherwise;
 This very Day you may depend,
 As it began his Reign 't shall end;
 So bending, takes his cringing Leave,
 But he who fawns will sure deceive;
 And he who'd cheat to serve his Friends,
 Wou'd cheat them too for his own Ends.

The palming Trade he still pursues,
 And covers over his real Views;
 The Lion's Favourite he gains,
 For Bribes succeed with little Pains.

A genteel Touch with Care and Art,
 Oft wins the pretty Lady's Heart;
 So something similar we find,
 Will touch the Male of human Kind.

This Renard knows, so gains Access,
 And prostrate gives his Liege th' Address,
 Saying the Horse, with some Design,
 The gen'ral Voice refus'd to join;
 Nay, mad with Envy at your Fame,
 He snorted at your Royal Name;
 And since, I hear, intends this Day,
 By Craft to take your Life away.

Be on your Guard then, Royal Sir,
 And do not out your Palace stir;

At least till we have trac'd it out,

And make it clear beyond a Doubt.

Indeed your Guards are strong and bold,

But then they may be bought and sold ;

And much I fear, will under-hand

Obey the Horse's vile Command :

For if your Friends with their Addres,

Must bribe them to obtain Access ;

May not the Horse with all your Foes,

Admittance gain as well as those.

Might I advise, I wou'd commend

A Guard, on whom you might depend.

The Lion caught in Renard's Snare,

Approves and thanks him for his Care.

The Guard dismiss'd, the Fox's Race

Succeed, and occupy their Place.

And now the Lion goes to Rest,

Where Renard's Viper stings his Breast ;

(For

(For he had always those in Pay,
 Who'd punctually his Will obey)
 The Venom running thro' his Veins,
 Awakes him with corroding Pains;
 Until the Poison's dismal Smart
 Obstructs the Motion of his Heart.

When Renard holds the Fort his own,
 And leaves his Dupes their Fates to mourn;
 'Till rescu'd by the Horse's Care,
 Who seeks the murder'd Lion's Heir;
 Who promises to rule by Law,
 And not by Tyranny and Awe;
 But in Conjunction with the Horse,
 Let Justice freely have it's Course;
 And now the Horse's valiant Band,
 Under the Lion's brave Command;
 Attack the Fort and storm the Place,
 And bring poor Renard to Disgrace.

Who

Who begs his Life at any Rate,
 Rather than venture on his Fate;
 A Slave in Chains, or Banishment,
 So he might live, he'd be content;
 Or any Drudgery he'd do,
 The worst that Mortal ever knew.

Yet all his Prayers are but in vain,
 And only heighten their Disdain;
 Nor wou'd they alter their Decree,
 For such a Sycophant as he.

The Hounds enrag'd at his Deceit,
 Impatient all around him wait;
 Th' appointed Signal to fall on,
 And send him where his Sires are gone;
 When Renard makes attempt to fly,
 But they pursue him in full Cry;
 And give him but a short-liv'd Chace;
 For soon their Teeth his Ribs embrace;

And

And to revenge their Liege on him,

They tear his Honour Limb from Limb.

Thus ended the Ufurper's Sway,

Who thus became himself a Prey.

When all with one united Voice,

Make their Deliverers their Choice ;

And now they both conjointly reign,

And none but Wolves and Apes complain ;

Except a Knave of Renard's Race

Slides in by Chance and gets a Place.





CONUNDRUMS,

After the Manner of Dean SWIFT.

THE dullest of Beasts, and what sullies
 Paper,
 Tho' useful, has often a sad nauseous
 Vapour.

The dullest of Beasts, and what Carpenters use,

For a Race-horse or Footman, I never wou'd chuse,

The dullest of Beasts, and a fancy'd disease,

Is seldom of Use, except on the Seas.

The dullest of Beasts, and where Anthems are
 chanted,

Makes many a Man leave the House that he haunted,

The dullest of Beasts, and what People mourn in,

Is a thing of all things, I hate to be drawn in.

The dullest of Beasts, and the Voice of a Fiddle,

Oft makes a Man groan when it gets in his Middle.

The dullest of Beasts, and what all claim to Adam,

Is worn by the Bunter, as well as by Madam.

The dullest of Beasts, and what's pleasant to me,
A tender good Wife is uneasy to see,
If e'er from her Husband it chanceth to be.

The dullest of Beasts, and what stands for Fifty,
With that which is us'd by Dames that are thrifty;
But not here in Town I wou'd have you to know,
But where honest Hodge goes to Cart and to Plow,
Is what a fine Lady dislikes for her Spark,
As bad as the Swine that was fav'd in the Ark.

The dullest of Beasts, and the Parent of Ice,
Is a thing that I hate, tho' ever so nice.

The dullest of Beasts, and a very long Measure,
Gives me from my Charmer a good deal of Pleasure.



CUMBERLAND;

O R,

The REBELS Defeated at

CULLODEN.

AT *Dettingen*, by *Brunswick* lead,
Behold him in the Fight,

But here, alas ! the Hero bled,

In great *Augustus*' Sight.

But yet to them the Day is given,

The Laurel and the Field ;

And *Frenchmen* o'er the *Mayne* are driven,

Or in *Battalions* yield.

At *Fontenoy* behold him rise,

Above his Victors there ;

Tho' lost the Day he gain'd the Prize,

And gave each Man his Share.

Tho' rusty Nails and pois'nous Glafs,

The cruel Count *Saxe* brought ;

With Bullets champ't, and canker'd Brass,

And deep in Trenches fought.

Yet still he fears his fighting Way,

So works a Stratagem ;

And feeds Rebellion near the *Spey*,

Where soon he's after them.

For quickly o'er the Main he glides,

To see what he can do ;

And swiftly o'er the Land he strides,

To seek the Rebel Crew.

At *Derby*, where those *Ruffians* are,

They hear he's in Pursuit;

Which makes their Leaders curse and swear,

And *Charles* begin to toot.

Confusion in their Councils lie,

Nothing can now be done,

Except it be the Way to fly,

From *George's* warlike Son.

Who overtook their dastard Rear,

At *Clifton* 'twas I think;

And put the rest into a Fear,

And made poor *Carlo* shrink.

Back to the *Caledonian Hills*;

With swiftest Pace they go;

Where Summer Dews no Sun distils,

But ever Frost and Snow.

But here I mean to pause a while,

And call to Mind the Day,

That *Cumberland* re-took *Carlisle*,

And bid us all be gay.

H—woly and *H—sk* are now thought fit

To take the *Scotish* Field;

But they are by the Rebels bit,

And Numbers forc'd to yield.

The Duke impatient, hears the Rout,

With Wonder and Surprize;

By Jove, says he, I'll see them out,

And strait to *Scotia* flies.

Where he their daunted Troops reviews,

And purges their Infection;

And o'er their Heads the Laurel strews,

And gives them his Protection.

My

My Lads, says he, while we have Breath,

Ne'er let us think to fly;

But bravely meet the Face of Death,

To conquer or to die.

Religion and roast Beef's at Stake,

Let's knock the Rebels down ;

And fight for brave *Old England's* Sake,

And save the *British* Crown.

With loud Huzza's from Strand to Strand,

They all resound his Name ;

And cry for *George* and *Cumberland*,

They'll gain immortal Fame.

So ev'ry one prepare to fight,

And seek their Enemies ;

But they are fled, so strange a Flight

Gave e'en the Duke surprize.

Flush'd at the late Affair he thought,

As he was heard to say,

They'd make a Stand, and face about,

And not thus run away.

Tho' this gave loyal Subjects Joy,

Not easily exprest;

Yet still remain'd a great Alloy

In each true hearted Breast.

Who all conceiv'd, it wou'd prolong

The Rebels hateful Day;

Who gather a more num'rous Throng,

On t'other Side the *Spey*.

But Princely *William* flounces in,

A-crofs the Stream he goes;

On t'other Side leaps out ag'in,

And flies to meet his Foes.

His

His Men drawn up in Order stand,

While he from Place to Place,

With merry Jokes and gentle Hand,

Invites them to the Chace,

Observe, says he, their first onset,

When they their Broad-swords rise,

Push to the Right your Bayonet,

And tell your Man he dies,

And then like *Hal* *, at *Agincourt*,

He published his Decree,

That whosoe'er dislik'd the Sport,

Shou'd freely pardon'd be.

Whether thro' Discontent or Fear,

His Passport he wou'd give:

But not a Soul did there appear,

Who'd leave his Duke to live,

The

The bloody Battle's now begun,

And Canons play a main;

The first that falls Lord *Strathbelan*,

Among the Rebels slain.

Like *Eugene* now, or *Marlborough*,

Serene the Duke appears;

Watching each Place where Troops to throw,

And ease us of our Fears.

Then leaping from a Trance as 'twere,

With Speed away he flies,

From Right to Left, and ev'ry where,

And all their Arts defies.

But such a Carnage ne'er was seen

Among the Race of Men;

And yet our Loss upon the Plain,

Was scarcely two to ten.

But

But here Lord *Robert Ker* did fall,
 That worthy Gentleman;
 Who dying, did for Vengeance call,
 Upon each Rebel Clan.

But had e'en *Monroe* rais'd his Head,
 And seen so many bleed,
 By Jove, he wou'd have smiling said,
 I am reveng'd indeed.

For each Spontoön and Bayonet,
 Were by the Valiant try'd;
 Striving which shou'd the farthest get,
 Into the Rebel's Side.

But all this while no *Charles* is seen,
 Except 'tis in the Rear;
 He ventures not upon the Plain,
 But bites his Nails for Fear.

While

While *Cumberland* with open Breast,

For *Cobham's* * Honour cries;

Fight on, my Lads, their Corps invest,

And bear away the Prize.

Had *Mars* himself look'd down and seen,

What Valour he inspir'd;

He certainly had jealous been,

E'en while he had admir'd,

For with such brave intrepid Force,

They bear against their Foes;

That not a Man within their Course,

Escapes their fatal Blows.

And now with *Ancram* they pursue,

For Faith the Rebels run;

But none so fast, if Fame says true,

As *James's* own dear Son.

Leaving

* To *Lord Viscount Cobham's* Dragoons.

Leaving his vile Command behind,
 To kill and massacre,
 All that his bloody Band shou'd find,
 'Tween *Culloden* and *Spey*.

But partly 'tis recoil'd on them,
 Whose Blood the Way bedew ;
 Nor can Command their Vengeance stem,
 Against the Rebel Crew.

Kilmarnock's taken in the Fight,
 With Sir *John Wedderbourn* ;
 But now their Day is turn'd to Night,
 And both begin to mourn.

The Duke the dreadful Field surveys,
 Where gallant Leaders bled ;
 Touching his pensive Breast, he says,
 What Numbers here lie dead.

Then

Then sends Lord Bury with the News,
 Who brought it to the King;
 Which did in me such Joy infuse,
 That I my Song did sing.



When I first saw the Duke of York,
 My Countess, who was then
 The Duke the Duke of York,
 If we are married to do
 Where gallant I should be
 To do our Country's good, and the
 Touching his gentle heart, the
 The fewer Men the greater share of Honour
 What I have said is true.
 God: Will I pray that with not one Man more
HENRY



HENRY V. *His Speech at the
Battle of Agincourt, where he gain'd
that glorious Victory, which compleated
the Conquest of France, and which is
so highly celebrated by all our Historians,
as he encountered near sixty Thousand
Frenchmen, with so small a Number
as twelve Thousand English.*

The Earl of Westmoreland saying,

Oh that we now had here

*But one ten Thousand of those Men in England,
That do no Work to Day!*

*The King, with a noble and undaunted Spirit,
spoke as follows:*

WHAT's he, that wishes so?

*My Cousin Westmoreland? No, my
Fair Cousin,*

If we are mark'd to die, we are enow

To do our Country Loss; and if to live,

The fewer Men the greater Share of Honour.

God's Will! I pray thee wish not one Man more.

I am

I am not the least covetous of Gold ;
 Nor care I, who doth feed upon my Cost ;
 It yerns me not if Men my Garments wear ;
 Such outward Things dwell not in my Desire :
 But if it be a Sin to covet Honour,
 I am the most offending Soul alive.
 No, no, my Lord, with not a Man from *England* :
 I wou'd not lose so great, so high an Honour,
 As one Man more methinks wou'd share from me,
 For the best Hopes I have. Don't wish one more :
 Rather proclaim it, *Westmoreland*, throughout my
 Host,
 That he who hath no Stomach to this Fight,
 Let him depart ; his Passport shall be made,
 And Crowns for Convoy put into his Purse :
 We wou'd not die in that Man's Company,
 That fears his Fellowship to die with us.
 This Day is call'd the Feast of *Crispian* :
 He that outlives this Day, and comes safe home,

Will

Will stand a Tip-toe when this Day is nam'd,
 And rouse him at the Name of *Crispian* :
 He that out-lives this Day, and sees old Age,
 Will yearly on the Vigil feast his Neighbours,
 And say, To-morrow is St *Crispian* :
 Then will he strip his Sleeve, and show his Scars :
 Old Men forget ; yet shall not all forget,
 But they'll remember, with Advantages,
 What Feats they did that Day. Then shall our
 Names,
 Familiar in their Mouths as Household Words,
Harry the King, *Bedford* and *Exeter*,
Warwick and *Talbot*, *Salisbury* and *Glo'ster*,
 Be in their flowing Cups freshly remember'd.
 This Story shall the good Man teach his Son,
 And *Crispin*, *Crispian* shall ne'er go by,
 From this Day to the ending of the World,
 But we in it shall be remembered ;
 We few, we the happy few, we Band of Brothers :

For he, To-day that sheds his Blood with me,
 Shall be my Brother : Be he ne'er so vile,
 This Day shall gentle his Condition.

And Gentlemen in *England*, now a-bed,
 Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here,
 And hold their Manhoods cheap, while any speaks,
 Who fought with us upon St *Crispian's* Day.

SHAKESPEAR.



SONGS.



S O N G S.

A D V I C E *to* P O L L Y.

A S O N G.

I.

REmember, dear *Polly*, I told you a-while,
 For once I wou'd write in poetical Stile,
 In poetical Stile to-teach you the Way,
 To make our Lives easy by Night and by Day.

II.

Grave *Tully* and *Pliny* have aptly express'd,
 What they to their Paramours often address'd;
 Let me then to *Polly* my Thoughts now unfold,
 Extracted from Lovers and Sages of old.

III.

If Ease be a Pleasure, if Pleasure be Peace,
We may our own Ease and our Pleasures increase ;
First fathom thy Love then, and search into mine,
And if they are equal, then let us conjoin.

IV.

If one be uneasy, let t'other contrive
To drive away Chagrin, and keep Love alive ;
Constrain not each other, for Liberty's free,
And if I love a Glafs, you know there is Tea.

V.

But let not Excess, tho' in either appear,
For what strains a Moment may tinge the whole
Year ;
Then more than sufficient is certainly wrong,
And save this Precaution, a Fig for my Song.

The Poor Old CUCKOLD's Advice.

A S O N G.

I.

TO my Neighbours and Friends, and all
who can read,
I'll write my sad Story and not beafraid;

'Twas in the Decline of a troublesome Life,
That to sooth all my Cares I took a young Wife,

II.

In her Beauty and Wit I saw very plain,
She'd Charms for Enjoyment with any young Swain;

But oh! Why silly Fool? Why cou'd I not see?
Those Charms and Enjoyments were not meant
[for me.]

III.

Had I but look'd backward, and seen my grey Hair;
I ne'er had expected much less from the Fair;
Or had I re-counted my Threescore and Ten,
I had been as wise sure, as other old Men.

IV.

But now 'tis a Folly my Folly to mourn,
 Since my Heir is my Heir, tho' none of my own ;
 Then I'll be contented, and give my Advice,
 In Points so ensnaring, perplexing, and nice.

V.

If Age shou'd o'ertake you, for Time wears away,
 Leave Trifles and Toys to the Young and the Gay ;
 Nor heed not the Beauties that point at Nineteen,
 Since you ne'er can return to what you have been,

VI.

But soften your Anguish with Prayers and with Tears,
 Much fitter for Sinners advanc'd far in Years ;
 For ever a mending whate'er you did wrong,
 And when you are merry let this be your Song.



The CHARMS of *my* CHARMER.

A S O N G.

I.

THE Charms of my Charmer so charming
 appear,
 That to paint her in Verse, How can I
 forbear?
 Her White and her Red, and her Symmetry too,
 Exceed all *Apelles* or *Titian* e'er drew.

II.

Her Language is easy, each Sentence correct,
 And yet not affected, nor stain'd with Neglect;
 Her Temper's as even, as even can be,
 And her Words with her Thoughts for ever agree.

III.

Her Wit and her Gestures are pleasant and gay,
 Tho' her Thoughts more sublime ne'er wander
 astray;
 The Miser she rallies, and banters the Rude,
 And laughs at the Coquet and smiles at the Prude.

IV.

Detraction e'er meets with a Boom in her Breast,
 Nor will the Misfortunes turn into a Jest;
 But always with Candour and Truth she replies,
 That Objects are colour'd thro' Motes in our Eyes.

V.

From the Pop she retires, nor heeds not the Beau,
 Except in his Manners, he's really not so;
 For the Clown she can bear much pleasanter far,
 Than the half-witted Fool, tho' garb'd with a Star.



 WISDOM *Triumphant; or, FOLLY*
Conquered.

A S O N G.

I.

OH Folly! how oft has thou blinded my
 Eyes?
 But now I can see thee, I'll learn to be wise;

No more shall thy Features my Bosom disgrace,

But *Pallas*, bright *Pallas*, I'll take in thy Place.

II.

That Place in my Breast, where so long thou hast
 been,

With Camphire and Roses I'll cleanse for my Queen;

Her Charms are so sweet, and so nauseous are thine,

I'll leave thee for ever, and she shall be mine.

III.

With thee, oh, the Time, I have foolishly spent,

Had gain'd with that Goddess, Repute and Content;

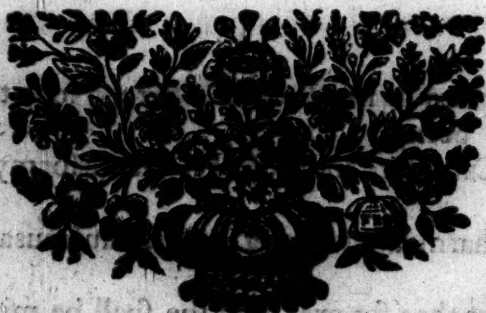
And now when I think of my Days that are past,

My Joy is, that Folly, I've conquer'd at last.

IV. Nor

IV.

Nor shall she no more o'er my Senses prevail,
 Since now I can see the sharp Sting in her Tail ;
 For *Pallas*, bright *Pallas*, has open'd mine Eyes,
 And in Spite of her Lures, henceforth I'll be wise.



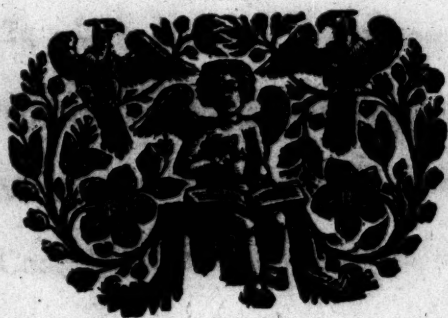
T A L E S

FOR THE

L A D I E S.

Fida Velocitatis causa fuit proxima veris.

HOR.



L O N D O N:

Printed in the YEAR 1750.

T A L E S

FOR THE

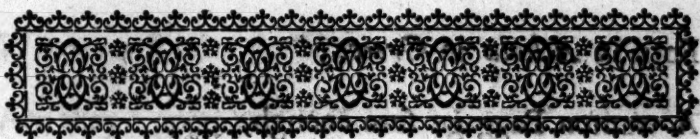
L A D I E S.

His Majesty's command, that the



L O N D O N.

Printed in the Year 1750.



T A L E
The Fair **LUCREECE.**

To **HENRIETTA.**

YOU little Gypsy of the Nile,
 What I write in Tragi-comic Style;
 A dismal Comedy! Good Jove, I wot
 'Bout Cuckoldom or tender Love;
 Why sure—such Madness ne'er was known,
 In any Brain except your own;
 But you have such bewitching Ways,
 That I must write what'er you please.

What

What was her Name? the fair *Lucrece*.
 Born in *Achaia* in *Greece*;
 A wanton Raggage sure enough,
 And made of most enchanting Stuff;
 And marry'd to a sober *Greek*,
 Who thought her pious, chaste, and meek,
 But 'twas for want of knowing better,
 Or how to read her Face's Letter;
 More difficult than the *Chinese*,
 Or Lawyers Talk without their Fees;
 For she had learnt the Way to gambol,
 And often with her Spark wou'd ramble.

Now I'd invoke the lovely Nine,
 To animate each flowing Line;
 But they are like the fair *Lucrece*,
 And call her wantonly their Neice;
 So can't expect they'd help me out,
 Except 'twere with a Drubbing-bout.

Yet

Yet I'll go on and never mind,
 Whatever Faults the Muses find;
 Are they? good lack! such Empresses,
 That nothing's good, but his or his,
 Who waits upon those Proud-Tail Chits,
 And serves them in their longing Fits!
 No, to be sure! so they may think,
 But I'd bespatter them with Ink;
 Ere I wou'd bow, or scrape, or bend,
 'Cause they my Verses shou'd commend.

But to my Tale, the fair *Lucrece*,
 The pretty'st Wife of ancient *Greece*;
 Her Story I will issue forth,
 And give it fairly upon Oath.

Her Husband was a loving Spouse,
 And kept his Horses, Sheep, and Cows;
 But while he went to feed his Kine,
 To pen his Flocks, or serve his Swine;

She

She with her Culls wou'd go abroad,
 And cuckold her good-natur'd Lord;
 But he, poor Man, wou'd never mind,
 If any told him, he was blind,
 'Twas Calumny he'd always say,
 And huff the Slanderer away.

But now the Jade, by Dæmons led,
 Takes home her Lovers to her Bed;
 Thro' secret Doors she brings them in,
 And lets them out that way ag'in;
 And thus she traffick'd unperceiv'd,
 'Till Betty thought the Curtains heav'd;
 When to the Key-hole put her Eye,
 And saw them at it Hip and Thigh;
 'Twas pretty Sport the Maiden thought,
 And rais'd in her, I know not what;
 Yet out of Love, or may be Spite,
 She told her Master on't at Night;

Who

Who ~~will~~ believ'd it was a Lye,
 Yet told her, he wou'd be hard by ;
 And when she saw the Sight ag'in,
 He bid her come and call him in.
 The next Day *Betty* watch'd the Time,
 And heard again the Curtains chime ;
 When to her Master strait she flew,
 And told him all the Baggage knew ;
 With speed he comes, the Key-hole plies,
 And sees a something with his Eyes ;
 By all the Gods, says he, 'tis so,
 Run, fetch my Arrows and my Bow ;
 I'll make the Villain's Liver smart,
 And pierce him with a poison'd Dart ;
 But soft and still—first let me try,
 If thro', yon Chink, I may let fly ;
 So, gently up a Chair he gets,
 Where he his Bow and Arrow fits ;

H

When

When thro' the Crevice he lets go,
 And pierces with his Dart his Foe ;
 Which makes *Lucrece* begin to roar,
 And barricade her Chamber Door ;
 Thieves ! Thieves ! incessantly she cries,
 And shews Distraction in her Eye ;
 Oh, they have shot her Husband's God,
 While she the Paths of Virtue trod ;
 While she was at Devotion laid,
 And for her Husband's Welfare pray'd,
 While she invok'd it on her Arm,
 To save her dearest Dear from Harm.
 Now Thunder-struck her Husband stands,
 And beats his Breast and wrings his Hands.
 Then calls poor *Betty* Whore and Jade,
 For she had all this Mischief made.

And now *Lucrece* can scarce forbear
 To laugh outright, while they are there ;

For

For she o'erheard what *Betty* said,
So took the wooden God to Bed ;
And let her Lover slip away,
That he might come another Day.





T A L E II.

The GAMESTRESS.

To L A U R A.

FIE, *Laura*, fie! I thought your Wit
Had wanted none to manage it.

From Five to Five, at dear Quadrille,

And then to stir, you have no Will;

Believe me, 'tis a wretched Thing,

And will Disgrace upon you bring;

Your Reputation is at Stake,

For ev'ry Gamester is a Rake;

At

At least the Town will have it so,
Whether in Truth you're one or no.

Attention grant to what I say,
And then pursue your own dear Way ;
A few Examples I wou'd give,
And teach fair *Laura* how to live ;
But that her own good Sense wou'd show,
Wou'd she the gaming Trade forego.

Miranda lovely, gay, and fair,
To Virtue bred by Mamma's Care ;
Seem'd worthy of so good a Guide,
And all her Fears and Joys divide ;
Her sweet Behaviour gains her Friends,
Each Visitor the Fair commends ;
She's always easy in her Place,
And adds to Beauty charming Grace ;

Her Wit is never out of Tune,
 Neither too late, nor yet too soon ;
 Music and Books her Days Delight,
 And Cards and Company at Night ;
 Thus she her Round of Pleasure spends,
 Among her Neighbours and her Friends.

But now to Masques and Balls she goes,
 Without great Care the worst of Foes.
 Where Captain *Carbineer* delights her,
 And to a Game at Cards invites her ;
 And loses with her fifty Crowns,
 Which all her Sense in Gaming drowns ;
 But if great Pleasure be in Gain,
 The losing of it must be Pain,
 Which soon is poor *Miranda's* Case,
 For now she loses her's a-pace ;
 Not winning scarce one Game in Five,
 And that to keep her Taste alive ;

'Till

'Till her last Guinea comes to Stake,
 Which makes her Heart begin to ake;
 That lost, with feeble Voice she says,
 I'm broke, and down the Money lays;
 Dropping a Sigh, if not a Tear,
 Says to herself, Why came I here?

The Captain sees her Discontent,
 Madam, says he, 'tis only lent;
 Here, take an hundred, never mind,
 Your Luck will turn again, you'll find;
 But yet takes care to have her Note,
 And gives her short of Tale to boot;
 The Lady's Spirits now revive,
 And future Hopes keep her alive;
 If she can get her own again,
 She'll never more be thus drawn in;
 But as before her Fortune's sad,
 And poor *Miranda's* almost mad;

Another hundred he lays down,
 And wins it from her ev'ry Crown;
 And thus repeats it o'er and o'er,
 'Till 'tis a thousand Pounds or more;
 When poor *Miranda* bursts in Tears,
 And speaks aloud her trembling Fears.

Oh, this is such a sad Disgrace,
 I dare not see my Mamma's Face;
 Besides, 'twill ruin her to pay
 What I have lost this dismal Day!

For Heaven's Sake! dear Miss, says he,
 I wou'd not your Afflictor be;
 Here take the Money that I won,
 And think the rest is all your own;
 For I had rather lose my Blood,
 Than see those Eyes in such a Flood;
 So wipes away *Miranda's* Tears,
 And smiling dissipates her Fears.

Now

Now Gratitude her Bosom warms,
 And Kisses soft the fair Disarms;
 Melting himself her Soul he fires,
 And gains at length his own Desires;
 For * *Sedley's* Art the Captain knows,
 And eager to the Banquet goes,
 Where I shall leave them for a Time,
 And then resume again my Rhime :
 The Morn returns as heretofore,
 But poor *Miranda's* gay no more,
 For now awakes her piercing Sense,
 And turns against her Evidence ;
 And Sobs, and Sighs, and Tears succeed,
 Enough to make one's Heartstrings bleed ;

What

* *Sedley* has that prevailing gentle Art,
 That can with a resistless Pow'r impart,
 The loosest Wishes to the chafest Heart ;
 Raise such a Conflict, kindle such a Fire,
 Betwixt declining Virtue and Desire ;
 'Till the poor vanquish'd Maid dissolves away,
 In Dreams all Night, in Sighs and Tears all Day.

What am I now ? She trembling cries,
Am I, then, fell a Sacrifice ?
Oh, curst delusive Cards have done !
What Masquerades and Balls begun.

The News soon breaks her Mamma's Heart,
And on her's too recoils the Dart ;
Both in one Day their Breaths resign,
And in one Grave their Heads recline.

This *Laura* might methinks reclaim,
And make her loath the Gamester's Name ;
But sure the next will touch her so,
She'll never more a Gaming go.

Amantha was a loving Wife,
And liv'd a virtuous sober Life,
'Till Lady *Revel* came to see

Her pretty House and Progeny ;
Two lovely Girls, one sprightly Boy,
Their Mamma's Happiness and Joy ;

Oft have I heard enchanting Notes
 Warble thro' their tender Throats;
 And seen with Tears their Father smile,
 Holding *Amantha's* Hand the while;
 What Joys can equal mine? says he,
 Blest with my little ones and thee.

But Lady *Revel*, by Degrees,
 Destroys his Happiness and Ease;
 For Piquet now *Amantha* learns,
 And soon the Game she understands;
 And while for Pence a-piece they play,
 She always bears the Purse away;
 Which draws her in for larger Bets,
 But none of these *Amantha* gets;
 Now Luck is blam'd, the Cards run cross,
 But sure next Time will gain her Loss;
 Such Hands she never held before,
 And likely never may no more;

A double

A double Game the next she'll play,
 And get her Loss again that Way;
 But she's deceiv'd, the Lady knows
 How far the Gamester's Judgment goes;
 Nor can Luck beat the Trickster's Hand,
 When any Card he may command:
 Thus poor *Amantha* is drawn in,
 Sure Prelude to another Sin;
 For bitter Games come on apace,
 And bring her Pocket to Disgrace;
 But Lady *Revel*'s so polite,
 She'll lend her any thing To-night;
 To any thing she will agree,
 Rather than lose her Company;
 So down to Cards again they fit,
 But poor *Amantha* loses yet;
 In vain she tries to win a Game,
 Just as before, her Luck's the same!

Her

Her Loss is now five hundred Pounds,
 And sighing she the Money owns ;
 Then takes her Leave with trembling Voice,
 Leaving the Lady to rejoice.

But sorrowful's each Step she treads,
 Tear after Tear *Amantha* sheds,
 While on the Way her Silence breaks,
 And to herself her Anguish speaks ;
 Oh, woe is me ! What have I done !
 Into Perdition I have run !
 Quite past Redemption ! Oh my Fears,
 Then gushes forth a Flood of Tears ;
 What will my dearest Husband say ?
 Besides, the Debt he cannot pay ;
 'Twill ruin him, what shall I do,
 Likewise my little Infants too !
 Oh, had they ever been my Care,
 I had not now been in this Snare !

And

And thus lamenting Home she went,
 With aking Heart and Discontent ;
 Where I shall leave her for a while,
 To shew the Lady *Revel's* Guile.

Lord *Albert* was a gallant Peer,
 And oft had in *Amantha's* Ear,
 Whisper'd his Flame and tender Love,
 But nothing cou'd her Virtue move ;
 His Gold and Jewels had no Charms,
 To draw her from her Husband's Arms.

So Lady *Revel* took in Hand,
 To bring her to this Lord's Command ;
 If she cou'd draw her in to play,
 Whate'er she won, he was to pay ;
 'Twas this engaged my Lady *Revel*,
 To seem so very kind and civil.

Now what remains for me to tell,
 Is how and where the Victim fell ;

Politeness being worn away,
Amantha's dunn'd from Day to Day ;
 But answer'ing not her Notes of Hand,
 (Except with Tears) receives Command ;
 To make Appearance at her Seat,
 And on the Lady *Revel* wait ;
 Or she'll forthwith, without Delay,
 Make what she lost her Husband pay.

So poor *Amantha* trembling goes,
 And all her Plate and Jewels shews ;
 But they'll not do, the Money down,
 For she will have it ev'ry Crown ;
 When comes Lord *Albert* in by Chance,
 Who says the Money he'd advance ;
 If she, fair Creature, wou'd be kind,
 And bear his Image in her Mind ;
 Tormented now with dreadful Fear,
 She's half consenting to the Peer ;

Then

Then 'gainst herself begins to rail,
 Yet—can she see him in a Jail;
 Oh! that dear Man! what shall she do,
 A Wretch if false, and worse if true;
 Then Tears ensu'd—yet he prevail'd,
 E'en while herself the Fair bewail'd.
 But now the Husband I must show,
 And speak his Vengeance and his Woe.

The Lady's Note is by him found,
 Which gives him a most piercing Wound;
 Her Jewels miss'd with other Things,
 Upon the Man Distraction brings;
 His Plate and Money too is gone,
 Not left a Doit to look upon;
 Besides a Servant tells him more,
 That his dear Wife is *Albert's* Whore.

Is thus, says he, my Love rewarded,
 And am I basely disregarded.

Oh

Oh Poison ! Daggers ! Death and Hell !

No Language can my Anguish tell ;

Then takes a Pistol and a Sword,

And nothing now, but Blood's the Word.

With Speed he seeks his Enemy,

And first upon my Lord lets fly,

But missing him, *Amantha* bleeds,

Yet still on Death his Vengeance feeds,

Rushing his Sword quite thro' and thro',

Receives my Lord's in his Loins too.

Now all extending on the Floor,

Their Rashness or their Vice deplore ;

Amantha cou'd with Ease depart,

Cou'd he forgive her contrite Heart ;

Her Husband too cou'd love her still,

If she was drawn against her Will ;

And *Albert* cou'd with Pleasure go,

Cou'd he but heal their dismal Woe ;

For he was Author of the Whole,
 And prays Forgiveness from his Soul ;
 Forgiveness then, each other gives,
 And *Albert* now no longer lives ;
Amantha next, her Husband lies,
 And in his Arms before him dies ;
 Then gushes forth with Tears his Breath,
 And thus all Three were cloath'd in Death.

This, *Laura*, is a Tale most true,
 For poor *Amantha* well I knew ;
 The Story here I do record,
 And give it fairly Word for Word ;
 That you from it may Warning take,
 And never more appear a Rake ;
 Nor mind the wretched Works of *Hoyle*,
 But leave to Fools his guilty Toil.



T A L E III.

S A P P H O.

To HENRIETTA.

WAS ever such a giddy Thing,
 What, couple Autumn with the Spring?
 Turn Thief at last, and steal from *Pope*,
 And lose my Happiness in Hope;
 Suppose he filch'd from sprightly *Gay*,
 And robb'd all Authors in his Way;
 Must I turn Plagiary too?
 No, no, I've other things in view;

Dame *Nature's* generous and free,
 And has large Stores for Poetry ;
 Her Garden's always full enough,
 Find but the Rhime, and she'll find Stuff ;
 For ev'ry Field is free to those,
 Whose Skill the Art of Gleaning knows.

'Twas near a Hill, just by a Dale,
 Between the *Chiltern* and the Vale ;
 Where Meadows, Woods, and Lawns abound,
 And salutary Walks are found,
 Between a Garden and a Grove,
 In secret arch'd with Trees above,
 Where *Brutus* made to *Sappho* Love.
Brutus, a Lord of lovely Mein,
 Had Charms to captivate a Queen ;
 Such Melody upon his Tongue,
 Enough to make *Minerva* young ;

And

And throw away her Wisdom's Shield,
And to his fond Embraces yield.

Now come, ye Muses, come, ye Nine,
And deck my Verse with Flowers fine;
What I have said I will retract,
And by your very Motions act;
Implicitly I will obey,
Whate'er my Virgin Teachers say;
Let me but taste the Sweets of Bliss,
And purge my Longings with a Kiss;
My honest Heart I'll bid adieu,
And consecrate myself to you;
Then pardon me what I have said,
For well you know where I was bred;
The flatt'ring Vice was scarcely known,
For it was far beneath a Throne;
Where simple Swains in Friendship wrought,
And practis'd what mere Virtue taught.

But now I find the Way to rise,
Is to adorn my Verse with Lies;
And always praise whate'er you fancy,
And swear no Nymph so bright as Nancy;
Altho' *Etb'opia* her Birth,
The fairest Fair is she on Earth.

Thus whomsoe'er you mean to raise,
Shall surely have your Poet's Praise;
And so with Mortals here below,
I'll scrape and cringe, and fawn and bow,
With High-Church Leaders rave and rant,
With Low-Church Preachers pray and cant;
And thus alone by Adulation,
Arrive at Dignity and Station,

So, now I hope you will forgive,
And in your Graces let me live;
And I will call you the Divine
Harmonious Enchanting Nine,

But,

But, *Sappho*, now methinks 'tis Time,
 To draw thy Picture into Rhime,
 And join it with the Lords above,
 Who left thee Maidless by the Grove.

Sappho, the Fair, the Gay, the Young,
 Temptation on her Tresses hung ;
 Each ruddy Swain cou'd wish to rest,
 On her soft Cheek and tender Breast ;
 To rest ! I mean to skip and play,
 And dance their very Souls away ;
 But she was proud, and scorn'd to be
 For such mean Wretches Company ;
 No less than Lords shou'd pull her down,
 Or rumple her brocaded Gown.

Yet by the Way she had a Spark,
 Who us'd to kiss her in the Dark ;
 The Woods, the Gardens, and the Grove,
 Cou'd witness oft her unchaste Love.

The stately *Vista*, her Parade

E'en shudder'd at the Snare she laid.

My Lord he comes to take the Air,

And finds fair Lady *Sappho* there;

Her beauteous Form the Peer surveys,

And wantons in the fair One's Praise;

Swearing by Jove! her Air and Mein,

Exceed bright *Venus*, Love's fair Queen;

Then takes her Hand, and steals a Kiss,

And importunes a sweeter Bliss;

Pressing her Lips with ardent Love,

Her Knees won't bear the Weight above;

So down she falls, a-down, a-down,

And *Brutus* gives her a green Gown.

But now the Jilt e'en Murder calls,

And echo Murder! Murder bawls;

Their Cry the Village round alarms,

'Till the whole Parish is in Arms;

My

My Lord surpriz'd to see her thus,
 Begins to rave, and swear, and curse;
 Then holds her Mouth, but that won't do,
 And then he swears he'll run her thro';
 So takes his Sword, but still in vain,
 She holds his Arm and saves her Pain.

A Rape! a Rape! a Rape! she cries,
 And to them all the Parish flies;
 Who, to a Man, swear they'll stand by her,
 The Lawyer, Parson, and the 'Squire.

The Nymphs stand titt'ring all around,
 And serve to make my Lord a Pound,
 His Posture, with his Sword in Hand,
 Makes some so laugh they cannot stand.

Oh strange! oh strange! the Parson says,
 And for my Lord's Amendment prays.

Five thousand Pounds *Latitat* cries,
 My Lord shall pay, or *Brutus* dies;

(For

(For this fine Lawyer was the Swain

Fair *Sappho* us'd to entertain)

The Esquire too will have it down,

Nor will he bate him Half a Crown.

Then damn her, take it, let me go,

I'll never more be bubbled so ;

The Charms of her who is my Wife,

Henceforth attract me all my Life ;

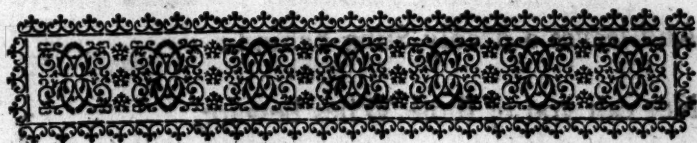
So home he went, and *Sappho* gave

Full half to satisfy the Knave ;

But *Brutus* liv'd himself to see,

The Lawyer hang'd as well as she.





T A L E IV.

The Delusive Cogue.

To T I M E L I A.

NAY, *Timelià*, don't deny it,
 I heard you bid *Lætitia* buy it;
 And saw you drink the Poison down,
 So don't with Lyes the Guilt disown;
 For I have not an Heart of Steel,
 But do Compassion for you feel;
 If 'tis to raise your drooping Sense,
 It will not answer the Expence;

For

For it contaminates the Mind,
 And leaves a deadly Sting behind :
 Nor can you of those Wiles beware,
 That Villains lay to catch the Fair,
 While thus your Senses you impair.
 Nor is it yet a Thing so flight,
 To plunge into eternal Night;
 And yet the ready Way you run,
 To be eternally undone.

If any thing disturbs your Mind,
 Pray the Supreme to be more kind;
 Indulgent Heaven sure will prove
 A better Friend than what you love;
 Then pray a little Patience take,
 And hear me for your own dear Sake;
 I'll tell you nothing but the Truth,
 What I have often seen in Youth.

Beauty

Beauty and Wit *Arpasia* had,
 Which made her Mamma's Heart full glad ;
 Her Temper was exceeding sweet,
 And in her Manners quite compleat ;
 But *Blouzabeza* after Tea,
 Learnt her the Use of Ratafie ;
 A Cordial sure can't be amiss,
 So pleasant and so sweet as this ;
 Yet by too bold and frequent Use,
 A Poison's made of that rich Juice.
 Hysterick next is to repair,
 The Injury that's done the Fair ;
 But like the other, that draws on
 Plague-Water, or some Cinnamon ;
 'Till by Degrees her Taste is come,
 To relish Brandy, Gin, or Rum.

Thus was the bright *Arpasia* made,
 A Mistress of the Drinking Trade.

Horatio

Horatio long had strove before,
 To make her—in plain Terms, a Whore;
 But all his Snares were laid in Vain,
 Nothing he caught but her Disdain.
 But now the Fair again he tries,
 Watching each Motion of her Eyes,
 And Citron-Water gains the Prize;
 Nor is it strange it shou'd be so,
 When she herself cou'd hardly know;
 For Virtue flies away with Sense,
 And leaves the stupid Ignorance;
 But Sleep, an Enemy to none,
 Recals the lovely Pair that's gone;
 They come, and round her Curtain's hang,
 And echo forth each dismal Pang;
 What she has done aloud they speak,
 And all her Thoughts in Shatters break;

Then

Then fly away, and leave behind,
 The Cancer of a troubled Mind;
 For raving now in Fits she lies,
 And in the greatest Terror dies.

Sure had *Timelia* heard her groan,
 She ne'er wou'd make the Guilt her own;
 But loathe the sad pernicious Cogue,
 That's now become the common Vogue.

Yet one more Story I will tell,
 How poor *Mellissa* drinking fell.

Of Sense I know she had good Share,
 And was besides exceeding fair;
 A Fortune too, at her Command,
 One half in Gold, and one in Land;
 A thousand Crowns a Year she had,
 And kept her Chaise, and eke her Pad;
 A Footman to attend her Pace,
 And wait on her from Place to Place.

The

The worth'eft Knight in all the Shire,
 Had fix'd his Hope, and fettled here ;
 But ſhe, alas ! had learnt to drink,
 To ſwallow, and forget—to think,
 The Night before the Marriage Day,
 Her Footman, ſome how, found the Way,
 To get into her Bed with her,
 When ſhe had loſt the Means to ſtir ;
 The Means to guard 'gainſt lawleſs Love,
 To make Reſiſtance, or to move ;
 Wrapt in deceitful Blifs he lies,
 'Till Morn awakes the Victim's Eyes ;
 When lo, the Knight raps at her Door,
 And finds his Dear, his Dear, no more,
 But dwindled to a Footman's Whore.
 Pale with Surprize, amaz'd he ſtands,
 With liſted Eyes, and trembling Hands ;

Of Wonder too, she has her Share,
 And cries, and raves, and tears her Hair;
 Which but the more the Knight distracts,
 For like a Madman now he acts,
 Running his Sword quite thro' the Heart
 Of him, who made his Vitals smart;
 Who dying, does himself lament,
 Crying *Mellissa's* innocent!
 'Tis I alone deserve the Blow,
 Alas! alas! where shall I go;
 My Eyes are tortur'd in a Blaze,
 And hideous Monsters at me gaze;
 Volcano's gape to take me in,
 For this abominable Sin;
 Oh hold me! hold me! then he cries,
 And in despairing Horror dies;
 The Knight unable to explain
 The Riddle that his Words contain,

Turns round to ask *Mellissa* how,
 She thus cou'd break her sacred Vow?
 When lo! a Form as pale as Death,
 Awaiting to resign her Breath;
 The poor *Mellissa* doth appear,
 With Signs of Torment, Shame, and Fear;
 For she had prick'd a vital Vein,
 Which to her Heart convey'd it's Pain;
 But ere she did her Breath resign,
 She to the Knight confess'd her Crime,
 And begg'd he wou'd conceal in Part,
 That which most aggriev'd her Heart;
 Nor let her dear Relations know,
 The Depth of her most piercing Woe;
 But screen, if possible, her Death,
 And then resign'd her latest Breath.
 To this, *Timelia*, lend an Ear,
 And dissipate your Mamma's Fear;

From

From hence refrain to tipple down,
 The Venom that destroys the Town;
 For Sons and Daughters all partake,
 Diseases which their Parents make.

Let then *Arpasia's* Story be,
 A lasting Monument to thee;
 And poor *Mellissa's* dismal Fate,
 Make what she lov'd your greatest Hate.





T A L E V.

Old DOBSON.

To HENRIETTA.

YOU little Jade, don't tease me so,
 Besides, I cannot please, you know;
 If I a tragic Tale rehearse,
 You seem to shudder at my Verse;
 If I a comic Story tell,
 There's something in it is not well;
 Yet I must write, faith, if I must,
 I'll mix the latter with the first;

A merry

A merry Tragedy I'll write,
 Of a doting amorous Wight ;
 One *Dobson* somewhere of the Vale,
 A rich old Miser, claims my Tale ;
 A Farmer, who had Children Four,
 And was himself, at least Threescore ;
 When each had made him Gran-dada,
 And twenty call'd him Gran-papa ;
 Young buxom *Betty* rais'd his Flame,
 And play'd her Part at *Cupid's* Game.

Now, *Horace*, let me steal a Line,
 And speak in Poetry divine ;
 Let me describe the courting Pair,
 The greasy Loon, and lovely Fair,
 But now, I think, 'twill do as well,
 If mortal Lays their Amours tell ;

For sure the future Age will be,
 From Vice and gauling Satire free ;
 When half dear *Horace* will be dead,
 And only Odes in Schools be read.

So I'll go on in homely Dress,
 And speak the Charms of downy *Bess* ;
 For soft as Down her Bubbies were,
 Her Skin as white as *Dobson's* Hair ;
 A Beauty, Faith, from Top to Toe,
 With Eyes as black as any Shoe ;
 Besides, she had a tuneful Tongue,
 And most enchanting Notes she sung,
 Enough to raise a Flame divine,
 In Cloddypole at Ninety-nine ;
 Then wonder not at *Dobson's* Fire,
 Tho' Twenty-four had called him Sire ;
 His Youth, methinks, might him protect,
 And save the Lady from Neglect ;

But

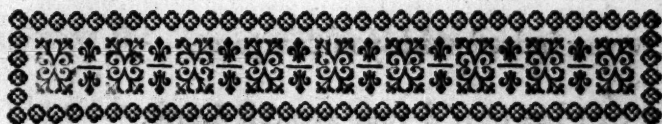
But Things sometimes fall strangely out,
And Changes often turn about.

The Marriage-Day was scarcely past,
But heavy Clouds his Eyes o'ercaft;
When Captain *Prime* quite sapp'd the Town,
And foully call'd the Fair his own;
Yet, this he bore, for fear of worfe,
His Neighbours and his Childrens Curfe;
But *Prime* dislik'd a Country Life,
So went away with *Dobson's* Wife;
Who first took Care, as People say,
To bear his Golden Gods away;
With Bills, and Notes, and all his Plate,
Enough to buy a good Estate;
While he went early in the Morn,
One Market-Day to sell his Corn.

When he came home he found his Nest,
His dusty Bags, and Iron Chest;

But all his Yellow-Boys were fled,
 With the dear Partner of his Bed;
 Which made him rave, and storm, and roar,
 And call out Murder, Thief, and Whore;
 But ere his Servants cou'd come in,
 He had committed one more Sin;
 An Halter round his Neck he'd ty'd,
 And gave a Swing, and in it dy'd.





T A L E VI.

The C O Q U E T.

To C L E O.

TO you, fair *Cleo*, I commend,
 This Mirrour as a faithful Friend;
 To you, these Lines, I dedicate,
 As careless of your Love as Hate;
 Yet I cou'd wish to see you blest,
 And not thus made the Poet's Jest;
 Nor will I yet deny to you,
 What is in Justice your own Due;

For

For Beauty, Wit, and genteel Air,
 Few can indeed with you compare;
 But that has prov'd your greatest Curse,
 And 'stead of mending, made you worse;
 Therefore I will my Thoughts impart,
 And make your Pride or Conscience smart;
 Smart to the Height of your Conceit,
 High as the Heart you stole e'er beat;
 I'll scan your Life from just Thirteen,
 And shew your forward Airs and Mein;
 Your Tricks in your Despight I'll tell,
 And on the Frauds of *Cleo* dwell.

Full thirteen Years a Maiden coy,
 'Till Cloddy came to be your Boy;
 But I must now remind to you,
 Your Parlour and your Kitchen too;
 You don't forget the Iron Grate,
 Whereon to catch a Cull you fate;

The Grate that's even with the Floor,

Just next the Step, without the Door.

Here *Cleo* drops her Huffy down,

To fetch it up, she sends the Clown ;

Then spreads her Feet, and stands and shows,

The Beauties underneath her Clothes ;

Such Beauties ! without Patch or Paint,

Enough, good God, to tempt a Saint ;

But Cloddy, muddy pated Cur,

Wou'd not so much as look at her.

Vengeance ! she cries, have I no Charms,

To draw this Lubber to my Arms——

I'll try the Magick of my Eyes !

And make him all my Beauties Prize ;

I'll try the Softness of my Tongue !

And make him bold tho' e'er so young,

Now wou'd not any Man conceive,

She wanted more than he cou'd give ;

Yet

Yet this strange Riddle I'll explore,
 And shew fair *Cleo* not an Whore ;
 But something worse, if worse there be,
 The Height of female Coquetry ;
 'Twas Hearts she wanted to ensnare,
 For all her Pride lay center'd there.
 But to return, she throws her Dart,
 And makes poor Cloddy's Bosom smart ;
 His Pain enriches her Delight,
 Nor is he well but in her Sight.

Young Cloddy now advances far,
 And strives to throw a Kiss at her ;
 Not fearing a Repulse ; but she
 Cries help, Mamma, where'er you be ;
 Haste ! Haste ! she cries, to ev'ry one,
 And help me, or I am undone ;
 Poor Cloddy's Maze I'll not describe,
 Nor what was said on either Side ;

But

But that the Contest Cloddy dreads,
For soon comes Mamma, Man, and Maids,
Who kick and cuff him 'till he roars,
And headlong, turn him, out of Doors.

Miss *Cleo* now has gain'd her Ends,
For Mamma to her Mercer sends;
For her resisting of the Clown,
To give her a Brocaded Gown.

Thus ended to the Fair's Content,
In Love Affairs the first Event.

The Curate next you did inflame,
And had with him a pretty Game;
But I'll forbear to tell it o'er,
Lest I provoke a Man in Pow'r.

Next *Corrin* comes from foreign Parts,
And feels the Anguish of your Darts;
He speaks the Fair, he tells his Pain,
Yet all he says is but in vain;

Obdurate

Obdurate still, and cold as Ice,
 (Tho' not from Nature but device)
 She sports with him, and takes delight
 To see him in so sad a Plight :
 He sees the Coquet in her Charms,
 Yet the false Dame his Bosom warms ;
 But *Corrin*, valiant, e'en to Death,
 Declares he'll not resign his Breath ;
 To feed the fair Deceiver's Pride,
 At least the Honour he'll divide ;
 One half his King and Country shares,
 The Glory his, the Shame the Fair's ;
 For not enduring of his Pain,
 Buys a Commission to be slain ;
 'Twas *Strephon* next you did decoy,
 And all his Peace of Mind destroy ;
 But *Strephon*, poor enamour'd Soul,
 For Freedom drinks the Poison Bowl.

Young

Young *Collin* next, you did ensnare,
And quickly drove him to despair.

Then *Philemon* you did trapan,
And broke the Heart of *Celedan*.

To *Cosmelon*, that noble Youth,
A Friend to Virtue and to Truth ;
With eager Steps you did advance,
And met him ev'ry where by Chance ;
Until the Poison of your Tongue,
Upon his drooping Spirits hung.

Then cast away, forlorn he lies,
And in his Bloom behold he dies,
To love a dismal Sacrifice ;

To *Leodes* you gave a Wound,
Who took it with a Bow profound ;
Unable then to speak his Mind,
He wrote to you what here's subjoin'd ;

When

When first, says he, to Court you came,
 I ne'er had heard your jilting Fame;
 But gayly touch'd the Strings of Love,
 And swore by *Venus* and by *Jove*;
 Which seem'd so well to please you then,
 You said I was the best of Men;
 So waited on you to your Seat,
 In Hopes to make my Joys compleat;
 'Twas full three Months you kept me there,
 Ere you in Love cou'd me ensnare;
 But when you had purloin'd my Heart,
 You thought it was high Time to part;
 For when in Love the Swain is cross'd,
 His Wit and Gaiety is lost.
 So I will end with one short Prayer,
 And leave you in Destruction's Snare;
 May you, like me, your Love bemoan,
 And under it's Oppression groan.

Thus

Thus ends the Catalogue of Swains,
Who suffer'd in fair *Cleo's* Chains.

But to compleat my Tale I'll tell,
How sad mistaken *Mira* fell :

Poor *Mira*, tho' not worse than you,
Felt the sharp Hand of Justice due ;
Mira, you know, of Taxes clear,
Had full five hundred Pounds a Year ;
Enough to give her Soul content,
If Virtue with her Longings went ;
But she in *Cleo's* Path must run,
The surest Way to be undone ;
Like her she did the Youths inflame,
And glory'd in the Coquet's Name ;
But past her Prime, with Love she burns,
And to her base-born Lackey turns ;
To *Tom* she ev'ry Morning says,
Something or other in his Praise ;

L

And

And gives him Tokens of her Love,
Wandering with him in the Grove ;
That he consents, we need not name,
For ev'ry Lout wou'd do the same.

The Wedding Dinner is prepar'd,
And nothing else but Joy is heard ;
The Week with her he weathers out,
But soon the Wind it chops about ;
The Scoundrel rais'd, with Pride elate,
Must have his Hounds and Whores in State.

Poor *Mira* now begins to see,
The sad Effects of Coquetry ;
Scorn'd by her Husband, she bemoans
Her yet unborn two little ones.

But he still revels in Delight,
And brings his Whores home in Despight.

He brings them home to drink and eat,
And makes her at the Table wait.

To her Relations now she sends,
To Uncle, Aunt, and all her Friends;
But in their Answers all agree,
She's fitted for her Coquetry.

So *Mira* must, without a Word,
Bear the Insults of her proud Lord;
The Jokes and Jeers too of his Whores,
Or turn, like Cloddy, out of Doors:

But notwithstanding all this Rout,
In nine Month's Time, or there about,
Poor *Mira* falls in Labour down,
And brings two pretty Babes to Town.

But now, alas! I must relate,
His sinking Funds and fallen State.

His large Expences to sustain,
Pulls down his Reeks and sells his Grain;
His Woods he fells for ready Pelf,
And in his Bargains cheats himself;

(But when a Man on's Death-Bed lies,
 What Matters it how soon he dies)
 Her Jewels next, and Plate he pawns,
 With all her Satins, Silks, and Lawns;
 But finding all is not enough,
 Is forc'd to sell his other Stuff;
 His Lands and Tenements he sells,
 And in a little Cot he dwells:
 But in two Years his Money's spent,
 And he is for a Soldier sent;
 The Justice owing him a Spight,
 Prefs'd him in his Lady's Sight;
 Poor *Mira* now her Friends petition,
 To help her in her sad Condition;
 But all in vain, except a Crown,
 To bring her up to *London* Town;
 For she had rather beg her Bread,
 Than by the Parish there be fed:

So up she comes with Sobs and Sighs,
 And in a wretched Hovel lies :
 From Door to Door she begs her Meat,
 Leading her Infants in the Street ;
 Telling her Tale to ev'ry one,
 How she, poor Soul, was quite undone,
 And thinks it now a great Delight,
 If she can get clean Straw at Night.
 But Summer does not always last,
 Winter succeeds when it is past ;
 The Winter Nights are too severe,
 Too hard indeed for her to bear ;
 Hunger and Cold her Limbs decay,
 And Grief upon her Vitals prey ;
 No one her Anguish can express,
 Each Moment brings it's Bitterness ;
 Her Infants she bedews with Tears,
 Lamenting of their tender Years ;

Embracing them with tender Love,
 She calls for Pity from above ;
 To Heaven she for Mercy cries,
 And weeping o'er her Children dies.

Now the sad Story I have done,
 I'll tell a mighty pretty one ;
Lucina's Character I'll paint,
 And show her better than a Saint ;
 That you the Difference may see,
 'Tween virtuous Love and Coquetry ;
 But first of all I will premise,
 Her Stature of the middle Size ;
 With graceful Brows, and Snow white Skin ;
 A slender Waste and pretty Chin ;
 Soft melting Eyes and downy Breast,
 Tho' not too prominent her Chest ;

Her

Her Forehead rising to your Sight,
 With Cheeks Vermillion, mix'd with white,
 And Lips that touching give Delight;
 With all the Graces that combine,
 To make a pretty Lady fine.

But what are these, to those confin'd
 To the Apartments of her Mind;
 The learned *Robault* scarce contains,
 What she from simple Nature gleans;
 Yet she will not accounted be,
 A Mistress of Philosophy;
 In Wit she soars up to the Height,
 But never with it bears Conceit;
 Nor never uses it to pain
 The blushing Nymph or bashful Swain;
 But when Miss Pert, with Critic Sneer,
 Divides her Neighbour's Character;

Then launches forth *Lucina's* Wit,

And fairly beats her off the Pit.

Her Dress is neat, tho' not profuse,

Yet fitting for a Lady's Use.

Genteelly always she appears,

Not minding Praise, no Slander fears;

But always is content to see

Her Self and Friends at Liberty;

Her House is open to a few,

To whom she knows is Merit due.

Her Father left her at Command,

Three hundred Pounds a Year in Land;

Her Uncle dying on the Seas,

To her his Neice his Wealth bequeaths;

An hundred thousand Pounds is stated,

The Value of his Vessels freighted,

Yet still with all she's not elated;

Her

Her House and Gardens are compleat,
 And Furniture exceeding neat;
 Two Maids, one Man, and little Boy,
 Are all the Servants she'll employ;
 For what she has beside to spare,
 The Ancient and the Poor do share;
 The Neighbours all resound her Fame,
 And Lovers listen to her Name;
 Yet there's but two, who dare presume,
 To come into her Drawing Room;
 The one Sir *George*, the other *James*,
 Tho' not alike, yet not extremes.

Sir *James* has left him by his Grannum,
 Full twenty thousand Crowns *per Annum*;
 To which he's adding ev'ry Year,
 Enough to make himself a Peer;
 For like the Great his Thoughts incline,
 To rake and scrape the golden Mine.

Yet

Yet he will sometimes give away,
 And never grudges Men their Pay;
 Which gains him Love and fair Respect,
 And in his Garden's no Neglect;
 Where his Expences chiefly lie,
 With Statues of each Deity;
 Where vast Variety is seen,
 Enough to please *Arcadia's* Queen;
 To charm the Sense in Summer Time,
 And force the Poet into Rhyme.

Sir *George* enjoys by long Descent,
 A thousand Pounds a Year in Rent;
 A thousand Pounds in Stock he lays,
 And deals it out in Charities;
 Another thousand keeps in Hand,
 To serve his King and native Land;
 The rest in's House and Books he spends,
 And quietly enjoys his Friends.

Both Men of Genius, Sense, and Parts,
 In Science and politer Arts,
 Born to delight and ravish Hearts;
 Each strives to gain the Fair his own,
 And Extacy in Wedlock crown:
 'Tween them the Fair her Thoughts divide,
 Nor can she fix on either Side;
 But of the two, she fain wou'd chuse,
 The Man who'd least her Love abuse;
 So forms a Stratagem to find,
 The Secrets of each other's Mind;
 Abroad she sends to all she knows,
 Where'er her Supercargoe goes;
 Desiring them to send in Form,
 That all her Ships are lost in Storm;
 That all the Papers may resound
 Her Loss, an hundred thousand Pound.

Just

Just to her Wishes it succeeds,
 And clearly shows Sir *James's* Deeds;
 His former Vows he now retracts,
 And all his Love in Wealth compacts;
 His Thoughts he now sincerely tells,
 While on the Charms of Gold he dwells.

Sir *George* it otherwise affects,
 No Time he loses nor Neglects;
 The Moment that the News he knows,
 To fair *Lucina's* House he goes,
 And thus his Charmer he addresses,
 With ardent Love and soft Caresses;
 If I, my Dear, might bear a Part,
 To ease the Droopings of your Heart;
 Were I to lose my whole Estate,
 Blest in your Arms I shou'd be great,
 Great as the World cou'd *Cæsar* make,
 And die a Martyr for your Sake.

But

But why shou'd love of golden Ore
Torment, because we have no more.

Cou'd *Midas* sup or dine like me,
Or like *Lucina* drink his Tea ;
Cou'd he with open Heart invite,
His Neighbours to a Dish at Night ;
Cou'd he give Alms unto the Poor,
Or succour Orphans at his Door ;
No, no, he wanted all himself,
And dy'd a most egregious Elf.

Why then shou'd we at Fate repine,
When we have left enough to dine,
Enough to spare the Poor a Bit,
And at our Ease in Pleasure fit ;
Cast then all Care behind I say,
And let's be merry, blithe, and gay.

If fair *Lucina* wou'd resign,
Her Heart to me in change for mine ;

My

My Soul wou'd all in Raptures be,

And think of nothing else but she.

Come, come, my Fairest, let me know

The happy't Mortal here below ;

Let me embrace the Fair he loves,

And bill like pretty Turtle Doves.

Come, come, my Fairest, fix the Day

The little God we must obey,

When shall we to the Temple stray.

Hold ! hold ! Sir *George*, *Lucina* cries,

And blushing, glances at his Eyes,

Hold ! hold ! Sir *George*, Sir *George* replies ;

Hold ! hold ! I will my Charmer hold,

And give her all my Lands and Gold ;

If she'll consent to be my Bride,

I'll give her all I have beside ;

Oh dear, Sir *George*, pray let me go,

My Mind another Time you'll know,

So breaks from him, and flies away,

And leaves him not a Word to say.

Sir *George* stands fixed in Maze,

And like a Statue seems to gaze.

Lucina now becomes Recluse,

For no Man's Sight, for no Man's Use ;

Ten Days pass on, and she's not seen,

Which gives Sir *George* the Hip and Spleen ;

But he who deals in Love Affairs,

With all it's Joys must taste it's Cares ;

For now *Lucina's* Fleet comes in,

And brings her home as much again,

As they at first did ascertain.

The Thoughts embroil Sir *George's* Sense,

And all he fees gives him Offence.

But soon the Fair to him appears,

And with a Smile dispels his Fears ;

And

And tells him all what she had done,
 And that he had her Favour won ;
 That what she has he may command,
 And join with her in Wedlock's Band.

The News soon flies about the Town,
 And each cou'd wish the Fair his own ;
 Sir *James* now at her Cunning rails,
 And e'en with Envy bites his Nails.

The happy Pair in one unite,
 And all around them give Delight.

Here Virtue spreads her lovely Wings,
 And to the Tune of Justice sings.

Here Justice sits with lifted Hands,
 To guard the Place where Virtue stands.
 Had *Mira* with their Notes agreed,
 She ne'er had in a Hovel laid.

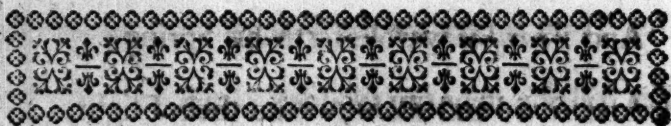
Will *Cleo* too their Laws transgress,
 And take no Notice of my Verse ;

Or will she join the Choir and sing,
For Time is ever on the Wing;
Yet still she may the Goddess please,
And gain at Length the Poet's Praise.



M

TALE



T A L E VII.

The A U T H O R ' s *Farewel to the*
M U S E S.

To H E N R I E T T A.

Y E S, one more Tale to thee I'll tell,
And bid the Muses all farewell;
Nor shall those wheedling Arts of thine,
To Poetry my Thoughts incline;
Let *Horace* pen immortal Lays,
And *Virgil* gain eternal Praise;
And *Pindar* keep his Round of Fame,
And *Ovid* ever be the same;

And

And *Younge* his Thoughts and Satires sing,

And *Thomson* warble forth his Spring ;

And *Rowe* and *Phillips* take their Flight,

In their refin'd poetic Light ;

And *Addison* and *Gay* appear,

In ev'ry Clime and ev'ry Year ;

And *Shakespear's* Ghost for ever rise,

To please the Wits, and charm the Wise ;

And *Chaucer*, *Swift*, and *Dorset* fit,

First in the Range of human Wit ;

And *Fenton*, *Hughes*, and *Denham* too,

High on *Parnassus* take their View ;

And *Spencer* for his Fairy Queen,

Uphold the royal Virgin's Train ;

And *Sandy*, *Walsh*, and *Waller* join

In Concert with the lovely Nine ;

And *Glover*, *Moore*, and *Pomfret* take

A Garland for their Muses Sake ;

And *Dodſley* for his moral Lays,
In Eaſe and Pleaſure ſpend his Days;
And *Milton*, *Milton* ! ever be,
And *Garth* preſide o'er Poetry.

So I can fit and take my Reſt,
And read what Authors pleaſe me beſt;
I ne'er ſhall envy him his Fame,
Who juſtly claims the Muſes Name;
But with *Apollo* may be kind,
And grant him Wealth and Peace of Mind;
And may *Minerva* ſound his Praise,
And crown him with unfading Bays.

Let them their Children Honours give,
While I in peaceful Silence live,
So I cou'd ſet the Poet free,
To ſtudy what more pleaſes me,
The Science of Geometry.

But

But *Hetty's* such a charming Creature,
 She'll force him from his Prayers to Satire ;
 A Tale she wants, a Tale he writes,
 And thus he spends his Winter Nights ;
 Yet better so, than a declaiming,
 Or o'er a Bowl his Prince defaming ;
 Or what I think is hardly just,
 A taking Calumny on Trust ;
 Or a lampooning of his Grace,
 Because another wants his Place ;
 Or a defending what he knows,
 To be unjust in Verse or Prose ;
 Or preaching what he disbelieves,
 Or gaming with a Pack of Thieves ;
 Or lashing those, whose sole Demerit,
 Is Modesty, or want of Spirit ;
 Or blemishes of any Kind,
 That rise not willful in the Mind ;

For Satire never penn'd a Note,
That came thro' Spite or Envy's Throat;
Yet it has got enough to do,
To root out Vice and Folly too.

But Virtue now my Numbers sing,
And praise the Goddess with my King:

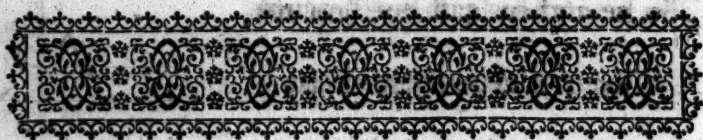
Virtue from Courts was wont to roam,
But the great *Cæsar* call'd her Home;
In awful Majesty she came,
And bright *Augusta* was her Name;
He smil'd upon the Shepherdess,
And who that saw, cou'd e'er do less;
But he still more, he call'd her Child,
And then again upon her smil'd;
And gave her to *Britannia's* Heir,
And blest the happy royal Pair.

From whom may *British* Heroes spring,
And this fair Isle ne'er want a King;

But

But may they in Succession rise,
 And be it's Guard till Nature dies;
 That Truth and Justice here may be,
 With faithful *Britons* ever free.





MISCELLANIES.

By Another H A N D.

LET giddy Fortune lend her Hand,
 To Fools and Knaves around ;
 The Man of Sense and Virtue stands,
 Much surer on the Ground.
 Tho' daily Toil thou'd earn his Bread,
 His Soul serene within ;
 Will say thou'lt better thus be fed,
 Than by one single Sin.
 Shou'd one possess'd of Plenty be,
 Reduc'd to such a State ;
 If he has Sense and Virtue too,
 He'll not repine at Fate,

So he and his can but procure

Sweet independent Bread ;

For he most independent is,

Who's by his Labour fed :

Necessity will make him wise,

Who had of Sense before ;

He then will find some former Friends,

Of Friendship talk no more.

His noble Soul will then exult,

And blefs his Days of Light ;

Say'ng, now I know, who I may prize,

And who I am to slight.

If by my daily Labour I

My Losses can repair,

How few, how dear, will be those few !

Who will my Friendship share ?

HAPPY

HAPPY SILENCE.

O H happy Silence, tell me where,
 Like thee I may be free from Care;
 Direct my wand'ring Feet to stray,
 Where I may sleep my Soul away;
 Bedeck'd with Poppies all around,
 To shed their kind Influence down;
 Upon my Temples, then shall I
 Nor wish to live, nor fear to die;
 Thus Cowards who'd no Danger meet,
 May call their Cowardice discreet;
 Yet sneaking from the Army may
 Be shot by Stragglers on the Way;
 Shameful retreat, ignoble Fall,
 Better they'd never liv'd at all;
 I'll sculk behind this Screen no more,
 Yet, Silence,—I will thee adore;

And

And sometimes with thee I'll retire,
 In Contemplation to aspire,
 Above the grov'ling World, and then
 Return to worldly Cares again.
 Vicissitudes, by Heaven design'd,
 To regulate all human Kind ;
 Dull Indolence declares for Peace,
 While she our Nation's Foes increase ;
 A Peace by valiant Heroes made,
 Secures the State and mends our Trade ;
 Peace springs from exercising Arms,
 To keep our Nation from Alarms ;
 So sleep from Exercise will spring,
 And Peace of Conscience Rest will bring,
 Thee, *Morpheus*, I'll implore no more,
 But view thy Poppies, and adore
 The Author of that noble Flower.

A SONG.

A S O N G.

I.

MY Head on Moss reclining,
Hard by a murm'ring Stream,

My Sleep more soft than Rhiming,

Diffolv'd into a Dream;

The Willows that furrounded,

Methought began to talk;

And Men by Love confounded,

Like *Hamlet's* Ghost did stalk,

II.

Friends, say the mournful Willows,

Shou'd you our Garlands wear,

And thus forsake your Pillows,

Nor shun the fatal Snare,

You

You soon wou'd be as we are,

Fast rooted on the Shore ;

For we were Men as you are,

But shall be so no more.

III.

Then ev'ry filent Lover,

His drooping Head did rear,

Say'ng what we fought to smother,

To you we will declare ;

We each have been a Lover,

And wore Love's fatal Chain ;

With Awe each strove to move her,

Who slew him with Disdain.

IV.

But since such low Submission,

Our fair ones cou'd not move,

To hide our sad Condition,

From Mortals we have strove.

Then

Then little *Cupid* laughing,

Dropt from an azure Cloud,

And while his Wings were chaffing,

He fettled in the Croud.

V.

And told them that his Mother,

Such Lovers wou'd despise ;

Then seek not Love to smother,

But seize each Man his Prize ;

And then caress and press her,

Nor give her Room to fly,

But in soft Murmurs tell her,

'Twere happy so to die.

VI.

And by the Lips Injection,

Drive Love into her Brain,

And then for his Protection,

Go purchase *Hymen's* Chain.

I started

I started from my Pillow,
 Of Moss most soft and green,
 And nothing but the Willow
 Remain'd there to be seen.



The MAIDEN'S PRAYER.

A S O N G.

I.

GIVE me, ye Gods, but oh forgive me,
 If too much of you I crave;
 Give me Time, and I will tell ye,
 What it is that I wou'd have.

II.

But as I am a Female Thinker,
 Think, oh think, what I wou'd say;
 I wou'd wed, but not a Drinker,
 One that I might well obey.

III.

One in his Manners most endearing,
 Wit and Humour at his Will;
 Yet above the Critic's sneering,
 Governs with *Minerva's* Skill.

Gravely

IV.

Gravely polite, serene and charming,

Brilliant with an awful Brow,

I cou'd name, but fear to harm him,

Oh, ye Gods, forgive me now.

V.

And make (then I no more will tease ye)

But this charming Hero mine,

He and I will strive to please ye,

And to Providence resign.



The SICK MAN.

WHEN God for Sin doth phyfic Man,
 With a kind Father's Care;
 Then up he lifts his trembling Hands,
 Crying, oh God! forbear.

I am so feeble, so unfit,

To bear thy heavy Hand;

If thou more Bitters hast prepar'd,

In Pity countermand;

Or it will drive me to the Grave,

Then who shall plead my Cause;

For Death reproacheth me, and says

I have transgress'd thy Laws.

Oh

Oh give me Time, Time to redeem,
 Ere Time shall be no more,
 Lest my past Crimes shou'd drive me where
 None dare a God implore :

Where thou wilt never cast an Eye,
 Nor lend a list'ning Ear ;
 Oh how I tremble ! ev'ry Joint
 Do now relax with Fear.

Oh spare me, and restore me to
 My former Strength again,
 If I dare trust this flutt'ring Heart,
 It shall not be in vain.

I will not let this Frame of Clay
 Destroy my living Soul,
 But keep her ever on her Guard,
 Dull Matter to controul.

But why, says animated Clay,

Must I be counted dull ?

And yet such mighty Care and Pains,

My Passions to controul ;

Since the electrifying Hand

Of Heaven, set me on Fire ;

Let but the Dross be counted dull,

The rest to Heaven aspire ;

Since what the Fire cannot refine,

Must unrefin'd remain ;

But to the Body and the Soul,

Is an eternal Chain ;

A Chain of Love, a Chain of Light,

A Chain of warm Desire,

That tho' the Body turn to Dust,

It may not all expire ;

But

But wait to hear the heavenly Call,
 And feel the heav'nly Chain;
 To draw it to the Soul ag'in,
 For ever to remain.

If to conjecture be allow'd,
 Such my Conceptions are,
 The Soul will think, and I must write,
 For Poet's can't forbear.



[182.]

The POET *and* DEATH.

POET.

COME, Death, and talk with me a-while,
I'll on thy meagre Aspect smile :

Thou'rt sure to give the Body Rest,

Then why shou'd we with thee contest.

DEATH.

Some Fear I shall annihilate,

While others fear a future State.

POET.

If I had Cause such Things to fear,

I shou'd not live while I were here.

How can they think the Cause of all,

Shou'd make us for no Cause at all ;

Fears of Futurity must spring

From ill spent Lives, a shocking Thing !

Yet

Yet this with Ease we may prevent,
 If we with Virtue will consent;
 To spend our Days in calm Retreat,
 From Pride, from Av'rice, and Deceit;
 'Tis those that kill the Soul, not thee,
 Thou sett'st her from her Prison free.

D E A T H.

I never acted with Design,
 When Time commands me, I'll resign
 My Dart, then vanish, for my Ears,
 Won't bear the Music of the Spheres.

SWEET SOLITUDE.

SWEET Solitude the Soul's best Guide,
 Thou can'st not Virtue tire ;

The more she spends her Time with thee,

The more she will admire ;

For so extensive is thy Power,

Thou'rt Sea without a Shore ;

Thou lend'st to Contemplation Wings,

All Nature to explore ;

Both Air and Earth, and Seas and Skies,

Are in thy Landskips found ;

The rolling Sun, the pale-fac'd Moon,

Bedeck'd with Stars around ;

Happy the Nymph that dwells with thee,

Has Conscience for her Guide ;

No curling Serpent her betrays,

Nor base ignoble Pride ;

Her

Her Pride's refin'd, and free from Guilt,

She prides to walk upright ;

She prides with thee, her Friend, to dwell,

Nor dreads approaching Night ;

For when she to her Pillow goes,

Thither dost thou repair ;

Spreading fresh Scenes of Pleasure round,

But hold, my Pen, forbear ;

Perhaps those Scenes may prove like Light,

Which no one ere cou'd paint ;

Perhaps they're Scenes of Love refin'd,

Colours are then too faint ;

So here I chuse to leave a Blank,

And speak of what I know,

The purling Streams, the shady Groves,

Are Scenes which thou can't show ;

Tho'

Tho' solemn Darkness close our Eyes,

Thy brilliant Scenes appear ;

With thee, oh Solitude, is Light,

Thou best the Soul can't steer.



I

The

Since

The Weary PILGRIM.

I Am a weary Pilgrim,
 And yet must tread this Stage;
 What shou'd a Pilgrim have to do,
 In this degenerate Age?
 But each must act his Part, they say,
 The Beggar, King, and I;
 And all we have to learn to do,
 Is how to live and die;
 Then Life and Death shall be my Theme,
 I'll those alone pursue;
 And teach Men how to live and die,
 With Happiness in view;

Since

Since Happiness is still the Search

Of Man in ev'ry Sphere ;

If future Happiness we wish,

Let's find her while we 're here ;

She is not found in Bags of Gold,

Nor is she to be found,

In flowing Bowls with fordid Mirth,

There Happiness is drown'd ;

Nor is she found in Cards and Dice,

Those Murderers of Time ;

Nor is she in the Looking-Glass,

Of Virgins in their Prime.

Nor is she in the Bed of Lust,

Where lawless Passions reign ;

Nor is she found in any Place,

Where Virtue Fair is slain ;

Nor

Nor is she in the Sycophant,

Nor in a Bribe of Gold ;

The Palm that hath receiv'd the same,

It's Happiness has fold ;

Nor is she in the Breath of Fame,

No, that's a very Guft ;

And he that her alone pursues,

For Happiness must trust ;

Nor is she in the gingling Sound,

Of State and Equipage ;

Nor in the trifling Duellers,

Who for no Cause engage :

But in the Hero's Breast she is,

Who bravely will maintain,

His Liberty and Country's Cause,

Tho' he shou'd there be slain ;

For

For she is with him in his Fall,

And with him she will rise;

She'll not forsake, but follow him,

Beyond the azure Skies;

True Happiness is not confin'd,

To any Sphere or Place,

She's with the poor Man in his Cot,

If Virtue he embrace:

She's with the King upon the Throne,

That human Laws displays:

Nor spares the Sword of Justice, when

It gives his Country Ease.

In short wherever Virtue is,

There Happiness remains;

Tho' Pangs of Death obstruct our Joy,

Hope says they're happy Pains.

The BODY and the SOUL.

A SOLILOQUY.

B O D Y.

BE silent ev'ry Bubble in my Soul,
Peace and be silent, that my Heart may rest,
Nor ebb nor flow, but be serenely gay ;
Start not at gay, my Health requires the Balm,
Be chearful then, or quit thy Tenement.

S O U L.

I will not quit thee, till I have command,
And that Command from Majesty divine.

B O D Y.

Then thou shou'dst strive to keep me in repair,
By giving me the Balm I did request.

S O U L.

Oh ! I wou'd give thee more, I'd give thee Joy,
Exulting Joy, if it were in my Power.

B O D Y.

B O D Y.

Be calm, nor rack me thus, with rapt'rous Love,
And then deject me with the Want of Power.

S O U L.

My more than Tenement, my Partner dear,
Why plead'st thou thus when dire Affliction reigns,
Grief, fable Grief, doth all my Peace destroy;
And I am sore depress'd with mortal Things,
Think'st thou that I shou'd mourn for what is past;
For Parents dear, that are for ever bless'd,
Were't not for thee, why shou'd those things disturb,
No, 'tis from thee, I by Attraction grieve,
And all thy Kindred's Sorrows are my own;
'Tis sympathetic Woe my Peace destroys.

B O D Y.

Lay it not to my Charge, learn to forget,
And thou no more of Sorrows past shalt know;
But I each peaceful Joy with thee shall share,

With

With me each lawful Pleasure thou'lt partake,

S O U L.

Sure peaceful Joy and lawful Pleasures are

My very Wish, and I'd enjoy them with thee;

If possible I will be calmly gay,

And join with thee in ev'ry social Bliss,

Till Sicknefs, Time, or Chance, shall thee impair;

And Death shall summons with his hollow Voice,

Then sooth each separating Pang with Hope,

With Hope of happy endless Immortality,

With Partnership and glorious Resurrection.

A SOLILOQUY.

O H that the Brilliant wou'd but gild my
Verse,

That I might Nature's Beauties but record,

Without the gloomy Sable of my Pen,

Which rose from seeing Nature's Gems abus'd;

What's Love become but burning brutal Lust,

Or Music sweet, but Syren's Gust of Bane,

The Grape's refreshing Juice, by Heav'n ordain'd,

To cool the Taste, and yield reviving Wine,

Is made more baneful than gross Hellibore,

By the ill Conduct of luxurious Man.

This damps each rising Joy, chills Pleasure's Vein;

Then seek I mourning Paper, sable Wax,

And fling them back again, unfix'd in Mind;

I then take Paper that's immaculate,

Thinking that Beauties must be Beauties still

And I will paint them naked as they are.

I'll love and listen to the tuneful Choir
 Of untaught Songsters, and I will enjoy
 The charming Vine, her Pulp's of noble Use,
 When us'd as Cordials ought, what can excel,
 There's lovely Brilliant in a friendly Bowl,
 Where charming Conversation flows from Sense;
 Suppose some trifling Trifle be the Theme,
 They'll scan that Trifle till they find a God,
 For God in all Things stands confest and fair,
 A God! a God! all Nature doth proclaim,
 And all her Children share his Royal Bounty.

*An EPITAPH on Miss S***, who
died in the 12th Year of her Age.*

A Heaven-born Soul to Virtue bred,
Is to her Native-Region fled,
And left us here to mourn.

But why to mourn a happy Soul,
That's past the reach of Fate's Controul,
And is for ever blest.

Let us to emulate her Joy,
Our sympathetic Tongues employ,
And bless the happy Day.

Which gave her Rest from all her Pain,
By breaking of the mortal Chain,
To set the Soul at Large.

F I N I S.



